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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

March 27, 1957

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Latest pictures of the Luckes
and Saras, pages 8-9

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 27, 1957

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THE QUOTABLE SIR WILLIAM

THE five years' term of the Governor-General (Field-Marshal Sir William Slim) doesn't expire until May, 1958, but already there is speculation as to who will succeed him.

Sir William has made such a great success of his office, and is so popular, that Australians would be sad to lose him.

Australia has had good Governors-General, but not one who talked more earthy commonsense than Sir William or who was so quotable.

Some of his pronouncements in speeches:

- "A gentleman is one who pays up, owns up, and shuts up."

- "Modern life tempts us to talk more of our rights than to think of our duties."

- "It's no good just criticising politicians — an occupational hazard for which they are prepared. If you don't like politicians, damn it, do something about it."

Practically every time Sir William opens his mouth he not only says something simple, sensible, and constructive, but shows that he understands the problems of Australia and the characteristics of Australians.

He is a good critic, in his blunt but quietly satirical way, but his criticism is never petty or carping.

Australians, weary of the evasive double talk of politicians, like to hear what this not-so-simple soldier has to say.

Our cover:

- The Lucke quads examine a basket of pineapples on their father's farm at Gooburrum, near Bundaberg, Queensland. Picture shows, from left, Kevin, Eric, Jennifer, and Veronica. Arthur Lucke and his neighbors in the Bundaberg district pick three harvests a year from their pineapple plantations. In good years up to 500 cases of pineapples can be won from an acre of land. More pictures of the Lucke and Sara quads appear on pages 8 and 9. Lionel Keen took the Lucke pictures and Ron Berg photographed the Saras.

This week:

- Every woman will be interested in the story which opens our film section this week — "How to Stay Married to a Screen Lover." Most husbands aren't film actors and only a few are as handsome as Rossano Brazzi, but Lydia Brazzi's recipe for married happiness is, we think, a pretty good one.

- M.C. Higgs, who wrote the excellent short story "Premonition" in this issue, is the widow of a clergyman, the late Canon James Higgs, of Wanganui, New Zealand. She spends most of her time writing, and recently the University of London Press accepted from her a children's book entitled "New Zealand Adventures."

Next week:

- If you are making your wedding plans don't miss the fashion pages next week. There are some beautiful wedding gowns illustrated in color. They're straight from the leading designers of Paris. All are in the traditional white and some have trains. The headdresses are specially charming.

- "Fine Food for a Romantic Dinner" is the theme of a two-page cookery feature. The recipes are planned so that you can cook them beforehand and have time to change into a becoming dress. And should you feel that romantic dinners no longer have any place in your life — you can still use some good recipes.

BOOK REVIEWS by AINSIE BAKER

Two light novels worth noting for your list

- The novel-reading public, which eagerly awaits any new book by Margery Sharp, is by now used to unconventional heroines.

BUT the romantic Miss Diver (Dolores), of "The Eye of Love," is the author's most unusual heroine to date.

Miss Diver's name was not in fact Diver at all, but Hogg, and the Dolores had originally been Dorothy.

Making her regular appearance as a Spanish dancer at the Chelsea Arts (fancy dress) Ball, Dolores (by this time hilariously hailed as Old Madrid) meets a middle-aged Brown Paper Parcel, Harry Gibson.

If ever there was a meeting of twin souls it was theirs. In next to no time Dolores is installed in a cosy little rented home, and there for the next 10 years she leads the sheltered life of Harry's unofficial Spanish Rose.

A depression in the fur trade presents Harry with the

alternative of marrying a business rival's daughter or going out of business. He says a heartbroken goodbye to his Spanish Rose, leaving her in the company of her nine-year-old orphan niece, who shares the love nest.

Out of the sufferings in separation of this ridiculous pair of lovers, Margery Sharp makes an extraordinarily compassionate and touching story.

Our copy from the publishers, Collins.

IN "The Daughters of Mrs. Peacock," Gerald Bullett has not only written a novel set in Victorian times but has so identified himself with the period that he has written what is virtually a Victorian novel.

All that it lacks are those uncalculated mannerisms that make the occasional reading of a true Victorian novel so refreshing an experience.

However, "The Daughters of Mrs. Peacock," though a little wanting in light and shade, is pleasant and agreeable enough.

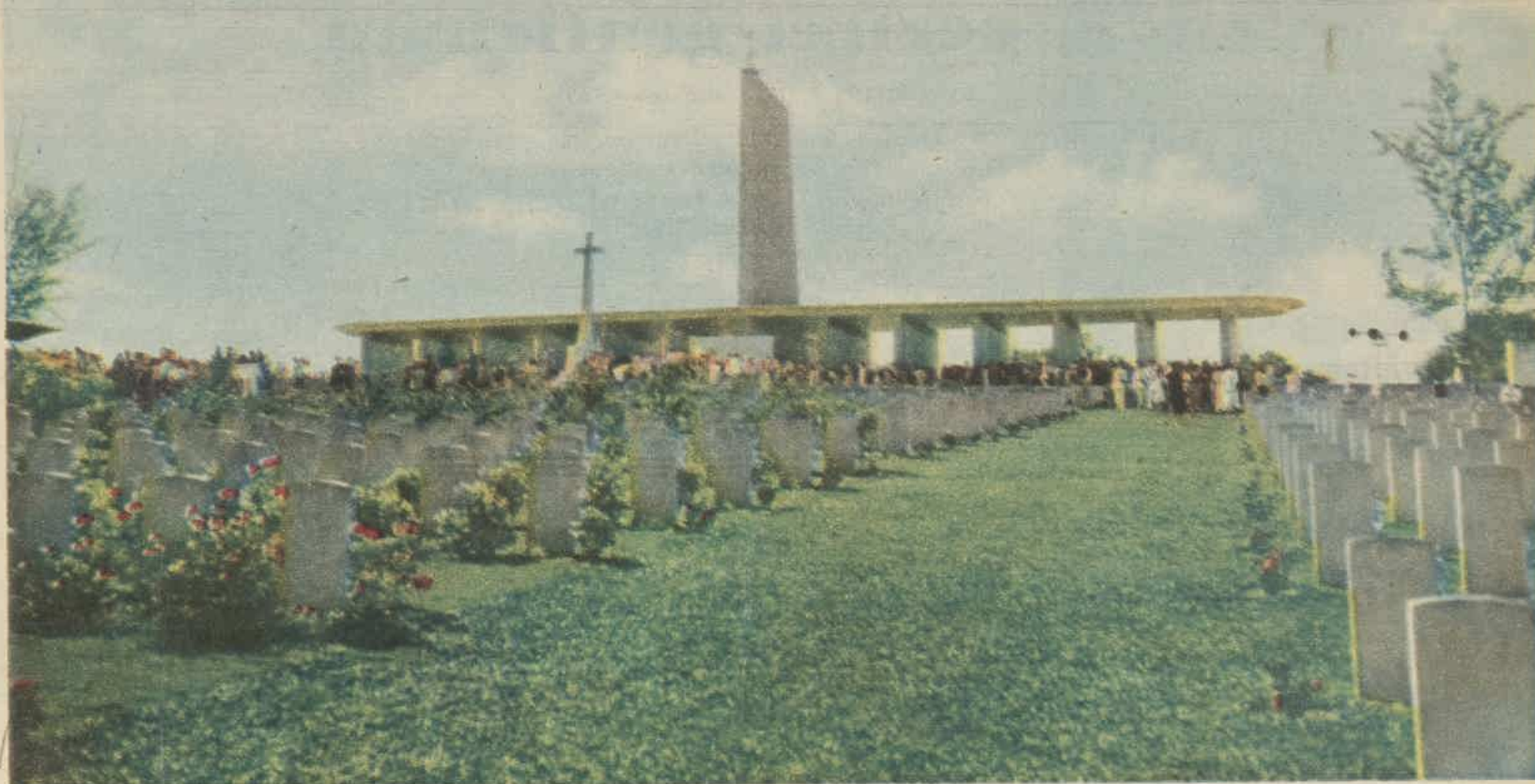
Mrs. Peacock is a domineering Victorian mama whose iron hand is only imperfectly concealed by its velvet glove as she seeks to steer to her appointed destination the lives of her three marriageable daughters, Julia, Sarah, and Catherine Ann.

Mr. Peacock, from the sidelines, supplies his girls with what support he can, in the guise of cheery jokes, wry observations, and philosophic statements.

Only when it comes to disposing of an ineligible suitor, or securing an eligible one, does Mr. Peacock show the qualities of the father-and-lawyer-of his time.

Our copy from the publishers, Dent.

TO HONOR THE 24,000



● "To my darling son" . . . "For my beloved husband" . . . "To Dad." These messages of simple intimacy were attached to hundreds of wreaths laid on the Singapore War Memorial at its unveiling on March 2.

MORE than 3000 people, including 40 Australian relatives of men honored by the Memorial, attended the ceremony, which was performed by the Governor of Singapore, Sir Robert Black.

The Memorial, in the Kranji War Cemetery, overlooking the Straits of Johore, commemorates 24,000 members of the British Commonwealth Forces who died in the Japanese theatre of World War II. Many of the men whose names are carved on the 12

granite columns have no known graves. Others are buried in the cemetery.

Built by the Imperial War Graves Commission, the Memorial stands on a hilltop in the area where Australian troops made their stand as the battle for Singapore entered its final stages in January, 1942.

The official Australian contingent at the unveiling was led by Lieut.-General H. Gordon Bennett, who commanded the Eighth Division in Malaya.

THE SINGAPORE WAR MEMORIAL, the largest in South-east Asia. At its official unveiling, Christian, Moslem, Hindu, and Buddhist priests prayed for the dead, and jet-fighters of the Royal Australian Air Force flew overhead in salute. The Memorial has 12 granite pillars.



AUSTRALIANS PAY TRIBUTE. Left: Lieut.-General H. Gordon Bennett, who commanded the Eighth Division in Malaya, and his aide, Capt. L. Logan, at the Memorial. Above: Sister Vivian Bullwinkel, survivor of the Banka Island massacre, at the ceremony.



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Peter Townsend, always the perfect gentleman

By BARBARA WALLIS, staff reporter

● There is no "old school tie," no formality, no remoteness about Group-Captain Peter Townsend, the Englishman Princess Margaret wanted to marry.

EVERYONE who has met the 42-year-old Peter on his Australian tour agrees that he is "thoroughly human."

His charm has never failed, even when he has had to refuse to answer questions or pose for photographs requested for publicity purposes by firms eager to make use of his fame.

I met Peter Townsend in a setting in which he was thoroughly at home; at the yearling sales at the Newmarket, Melbourne, stables of Wright Stephenson's. Later I drove back to the city with him in a taxi.

Townsend is a keen horseman. He is missing no opportunity to see Australian horses and racing, and to ride as many horses as possible.

He eagerly accepted the invitation to the yearling sales, to learn about Australian bloodstock from experts.

When he arrived at the sales he looked tired. He had been up at dawn to ride four horses, including champion Redcraze, at Flemington.

He also looked rather alarmed when he saw the battery of Press, television, and newsreel cameras awaiting him.

But once he took a ringside seat and the yearlings began to parade, he relaxed, forgot the cameras, and became absorbed in the horses.

At first glance Peter Townsend appears a slim, attractive man, much younger than his 42 years, rather shy, and not particularly impressive.

He has a mop of dark brown wavy hair, laced with a few grey strands, blue eyes, a charming smile, and a pleasantly soft English drawl.

At first you would not pick him as a former war hero, or as a man who is such a good rider that leading jockey Arthur Ward allowed him to ride Redcraze, one of Australasia's most valuable racehorses.

But once you talk to Townsend you realise that there is determination and strength behind his courteous manner and gentle smile.

He is always the perfect gentleman. He is considerate and dislikes fuss.

Although not anxious to be photographed, he posed with a horse at the salesyards rather than create a fuss by refusing.

He is in a difficult situation. Obviously he dislikes playing a "no-comment" role, but there are not many newsworthy subjects on which he can talk openly.

He can't even talk freely about his impressions of Australia. He wants to keep them for a book he plans to write.

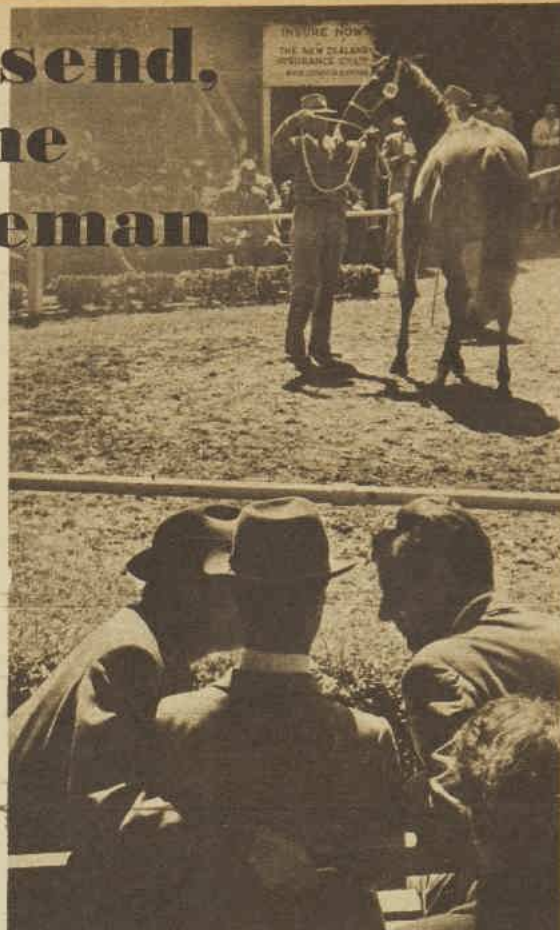
Many a man in Townsend's position would refuse to see the Press. But he has seen us, allowed photographs, talked to us in a friendly manner, and told us next to nothing.

But on all of us he has left a very clear impression. We can understand why a Princess loved him.

Driving back to the city Peter Townsend chatted freely, but neatly sidestepped any leading questions.

"This is not a sight-seeing tour," he said. "I am disappointed that I haven't had time to see some of the beautiful scenery around your cities, and that I had to cancel my visit to the Northern Territory."

"But I can look at photographs of scenery. Meeting people is the most important



KEEN HORSEMAN Group-Captain Peter Townsend discusses with Mr. E. L. Officer (left) and Lieut.-Colonel Robin Hastings a bay filly up for auction at the Melbourne yearling sales.

thing in seeing a country, and you can meet a lot of people in a short time in cities.

"I like to keep on the move," he said. "Already I am beginning to feel that I live in Australia, although I have been here such a short time."

"I am not lonely driving alone. I rather enjoy driving. I don't pick up hitch-hikers. There's no room for anyone but me by the time I've packed everything into the Land Rover."

Asked about his book, he said: "I won't say anything nasty about Australia. Anyway, I haven't found anything I don't like about Australia so far."

Back at his hotel, we had a drink with him before he ate a quick lunch and left for Sydney. He drank a glass of beer, saying he likes Australian beer.

Despite his strenuous morn-

ing, he spent only half an hour over lunch and was ready to leave before 2 p.m.

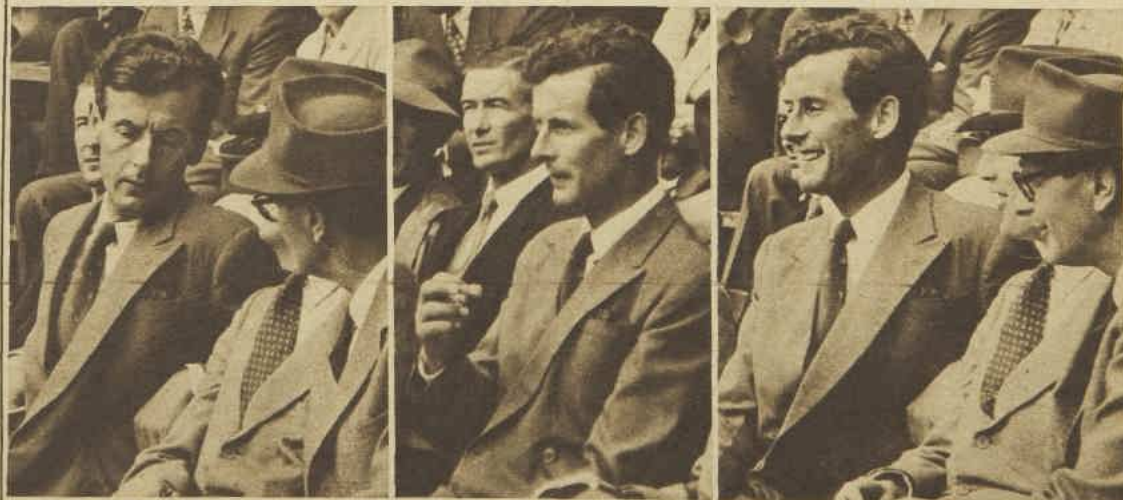
As he walked out of the hotel, people were clustered around his Land Rover, their noses glued against the window. He smiled as he walked through them, and shook hands with the elderly women who pressed forward.

Packing his bags in the back, he shook out a carry-all, sending a shower of dust over the road.

Slapping it, he grinned at one of the women and said, "There's some of your Australian dust."

As he got into the car the crowd pressed round him, wishing him luck and patting him on the back. He smiled and drove off, waving to them.

As well as charming everyone he meets with his simplicity and sincerity, Peter Townsend wins their sympathy.



PETER TOWNSEND looks tired when he arrives for the yearling sales. He had been up at dawn, riding four horses, including Redcraze, at Flemington.

HIS FACE alerts and he flips his fingers as a gray filly owned by Sir Chester Manifold slips in the ring and falls near him.

FINALLY a smile as an attendant skips out of the way when a yearling rears. "That was close," was the Townsend comment to the other spectators.

'BRINGING UP MY BABY'

● By Princess Grace of Monaco, as told to Mervyn McPherson



PRINCESS GRACE

● "You want details, even trivial ones?" Princess Grace asked at the beginning of the exclusive interview she gave me at the Monaco Palace.

She answered her own question. "Perhaps you are right. Every mother is interested in the smallest things about a baby. I am, and I imagine most fathers are, too. Certainly Prince Rainier is."

Here, in her own words, is Princess Grace's story, "Bringing up my baby":

FIRST of all, Caroline does not suck all her fingers—as some monsters have suggested. She occasionally sucks her thumb, but all babies do, and she is being discouraged from this habit.

SHE hates hats. If I wear one near her, she has one of her very rare crying spells.

She also dislikes her father's camera. When he wants to photograph her, which is often, he must do it surreptitiously.

She loves her bath, and begins to coo when she sees Nurse Margaret Stahl or me preparing it.

Apart from hats, and cameras, she only cries when she is hungry and waiting for her feed.

She sleeps wonderfully all night, from about 9.30, after her last evening meal, until her breakfast at six next morning.

She is fed six times a day at three-hourly intervals, and has a little supplementary powdered milk, being a healthy and hungry child, thank God.

I don't know when she will be weaned. It will depend on Dr. Gandelon, our child-welfare specialist.

I took infant-welfare classes like many American girls, and I think they are valuable. I can check whether Caroline is gaining weight satisfactorily, as she certainly is, and so on, but I would never argue with the doctor.

As she gets older I think Caroline looks more and more like the Prince, particularly

about the upper part of her face.

She has dark blue eyes like Rainier—much darker than mine—and his broad forehead. Her mouth is said to be like mine.

She has a lovely complexion, absolutely without a blemish, and light brown hair. People say she is a very pretty child.

Pastel colors

EVEN our Monaco weather is not good enough for her to have a daily outing in the palace grounds, but often the sun is warm enough for Margaret Stahl or myself to take her for a ride in her pram.

The pram, with its dark blue hood, was sent by Princess Charlotte, Rainier's mother, from Paris.

I like white and pastel shades, particularly yellow, for Caroline. Most of her clothes are white, but she has some colored ones, including a sea-green sweater I knitted.

Her nursery suite, consisting of playroom and bedroom, kitchenette, and bath, is rather charming. It has pale yellow walls and ceiling, and marble floors and white furniture with yellow decorations. It's on the ground floor of the palace, with a glorious view of the gardens and the Mediterranean, and, incidentally, the rising industries of Monaco.

Or, perhaps your readers still have the impression that Monaco has only one industry—the Casino.

Actually the Prince is very proud—and so am I—of Monaco's growing range of industries, including ceramics, plastics, glass, and precision instruments, a chemical factory, a brewery, and so on.

These bring in to the State finances at least six times as much as the Casino does.

The tourist industry, helped by the wonderful ocean museum and exotic gardens, brings in another five or six times as much as the Casino.

So don't get the idea that our little country lives entirely on gambling.

Many, many gifts are still arriving for Caroline. We still get 200 to 400 letters a day. On the second day after her birth there were 7000. Of course, we can only answer them bit by bit.

Caroline now has so many toys and dolls they can't possibly all go in the nursery at one time.

Two languages

THE biggest toy is an enormous teddy bear sent to her by the officers and men of an American submarine stationed in the harbor when she was born on January 23.

Margaret Stahl, who at 23 is a linguist as well as a wonderful nurse, talks to Caroline mostly in English, but sometimes in French or German—she comes from Zurich (Switzerland).

The Prince speaks English and French equally well, and pretty good German and Italian, so I hope Caroline will have two languages from the start.

Me? Well, I'm told my French is improving. (Princess Grace's accent is faultless and her vocabulary steadily expanding.) I talk mostly English to baby. Still, I always call her "Caroleen," the French way.

Of course, she will grow up to be a sailor. Her father and I love sailing.

The Prince has just sold his yacht, and will buy a sailing vessel with an auxiliary engine.



HISTORIC MOMENT in Monaco Cathedral. Godmother, Margaret Davies, with godfather, Prince Festetti, in uniform beside her, holds Princess Caroline for her baptism by Bishop Gilles Barthe. Walking away is Margaret Stahl, Caroline's Swiss nurse.

He also has sold the villa at Cap Ferrat. It was delightful, but boats used to moor at the bottom of our garden, and our lives were about as private as a motion-picture set.

We hope to get another villa, rather more inland, where we can have grounds big enough to ride in. I hope Caroline will grow up to be a horsewoman, too.

I'm so happy that my mother (Mrs. J. B. Kelly), who arrived before Caroline's birth for what was intended to be a very short visit, stayed on for the baptism, and that my father and my niece, 12-year-old Margaret Davies, Caroline's godmother, were here for the ceremony.

My mother has rather a wonderful gold bracelet, with the birthstones of her six granddaughters in it.

There's plenty of room for more stones, and it will be needed as my youngest sister, "Liz Anne," is expecting her second baby.

Finally, I'll tell you the reason why both the Prince and I really wanted our first child to be a girl.

If we have a boy later, he will become heir to the principality, but he will never be more important or dearer to us than the present heir, our first-born Caroline.



PRINCE RAINIER and Princess Grace stand on a palace balcony after the christening to show their daughter to her people gathered in the courtyard and square below.



IN THE NURSERY, Princess Grace looks at her daughter, held by Margaret Stahl. Says Grace: "Caroline now has so many toys they can't all go into the nursery at one time."



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Reporter-at-large on the crest of a wave at the

Haute Coiffure



KEITH—Keith Cohen, of Auckland, New Zealand, and a member of the Haute Coiffure Francaise—demonstrates (above) his interpretation of the new Parisian hairstyles.



ABOVE, right: Guests at the premiere in aid of the N.S.W. Society for Crippled Children reserve opinions about the Eiffel Tower creation the model is parading.

Kisses, perfume, and the Pirouette at Paris hairstyle parade

When I reached Prince's Restaurant in Martin Place, Sydney, one mid-afternoon recently a pavement artist in a greasy hat and stained blue coat was drawing the heads of three aboriginal children in red, green, and black chalk.

WHILE I was finding out that he was Heino Zeisig—he printed his name on the pavement for me—an Estonian New Australian, who had studied painting in Paris, smartly dressed women were dropping bright two bobs in the upturned lid of his already well-filled chalk tin before joining the mob at the restaurant entrance.

It was 3 p.m., opening time for the Haute Coiffure Francaise's first public showing of the new season's hairstyles (in aid of the Crippled Children Society). But about 200 women were banked up on the pavement and down the long stairs, struggling to get in, and about 50 of those lucky people who can lunch until mid-afternoon were fighting to get out.

With gentle, but determined,

football tactics I got inside at last, among the shrill ritual cries of women greeting and the mutter of tycoons in silver ties trying to escape.

One end of the long restaurant was packed with bodies and bobbing hats. But at the other end waiters like distracted penguins were waddling about among the snow of fresh tablecloths. And near the carpeted dance floor a party of young things, determined not to be hurried, were still at lunch.

But by 3.20 p.m. they had finished their coffee, gathered their bags and gloves, and were trying to make their way out against the multi-colored stream of women now moving in. By 3.30 p.m., when the band in blue was half through its second rhumba and you had to shout to be heard, the show was ready to start.

I had already paid 2/- to my doctor's wife for a mink handbag raffle, evaded a raffle for a bottle of perfume, and watched, fascinated, as

an elegant woman at a nearby table sneezed three times—and delicately lifted her veil for each sneeze.

Then a red-skirted French peasant girl from Hurstville came along and handed out jewelled lipsticks and perfume to the women at my table.

When she ignored me I said: "I would like them, too."

Queer looks

SHE gave me a queer look as she handed over the free samples. She went to the next table, turned, and gave me another queer look.

Then spotlights flooded the red-patterned carpet in front of the band, and on came Miss Coiffure for 1957, Miss Callaghan, of Mosman, in the new hairstyle.

It was called "Pirouette," but I suppose they had to call it something. It was very stiff and looked as if it had been in an oven all night. Personally I like my hair a bit wind-swept.

"What is the new hair-

style?" I asked a woman near me.

She handed me a typed statement headed, "It whirls, it swirls, it's Pirouette."

I read on: "Only from Paris comes such freedom—a wonderful swirling movement which sweeps diagonally across the back of the hair—upwards or downwards..."

It read like a textbook on aeronautics to me, but I didn't give up. I was determined to find out why it whirled.

Miss Jenny was followed by the seven Australasian members of the Haute Coiffure—Karl, Keith, Claude, Raymond, Robert, Herbert, and Rene—by Andre Audard, who had arrived from Paris with the latest styles only a few hours before, and by the girls displaying the latest hair creations.

It was quite a do.

Andre, small, dark, and Italian-looking, nearly tripped as he made his entrance blowing sideways kisses to the audience, and he also had a bit of trouble getting up to tall Miss Jenny to kiss her.

This caused a flutter, because Karl, Keith, Claude, Raymond, Robert, Herbert, and Rene, not to be beaten, also kissed Miss Jenny.

They were all in dark suits with tricolor rosettes pinned to their lapels, white shirts, and white ties, which, I learnt, were the latest thing for men in Paris.

The hairdressers were a pert, eager bunch of smiling marionettes in the white glare of the spotlights, though one looked as though he could slip a Boston Crab on you if he lever got you in a wrestling ring, and another, Rene Henri, of Sydney, makes a hobby of shooting crocodiles.

But these hairstylists had certainly let themselves go.

One model had an Eiffel Tower wired to her head.



SHOWING how the expert works is Andre Audard, of Paris, with Miss Haute Coiffure for 1957 (Jenny Callaghan). Circular objects in foreground are hats—not toadstools.

Another had a goldleaf design painted from neck-nape to top of cranium.

I enquired why, when you're showing new hairstyles, you obscure them with architecture, paint, and tinsel. A woman gave me a pitying look.

A little later, when Karl, Keith, Claude, Raymond, Robert, Herbert, Rene, and Andre were taking their models among the tables to show off the new hairstyles, Rene and Andre, in passing, announced that long hair was out.

"Not afraid"

"IN Paris the woman who is not pretty will not wear long hair," they said, "and the beautiful woman is not afraid to wear short hair."

This sounded like a line to me—direct from Paris—but then I noticed for the first time that Claude—Claude Marendaz of the black locks, black moustaches, and flashing smile—had even painted his own hair above the ears with flecks of white. I went after him.

"It iz to geeve what you

call symmetry between husband and wife," Claude said. "It iz a fantasy. You understand?"

"No," I said.

"If you have a special ball and somebody like to dress in costume you have ze fantasy. You understand?"

"So your painted hair is just a fantasy?"

Claude beamed. "Of course. Ze man does not put ornament in 'is 'air."

A little later, when the white sporting motifs on Prince's walls seemed to vibrate with the clatter of cups and the babble of 350 assorted females, I cornered Rene Henri and Andre Audard near some potplants.

"You shoot crocodiles when you're not doing hair," I said to Rene. "What does Andre do?"

"He's a fly fisherman—crazy about it."

I asked Rene if there was any similarity between crocodiles and women.

"They are the very opposite," Rene said, "but after a year in the salon attending the 'air it is most necessary to go off to shoot crocodiles."



MOMENT of indecision. Andre Audard, Miss Haute Coiffure, and Rene Henri, of Sydney.



THE BACK GARDEN is a wonderful place for the Sara quads to play after school. Mark (left) and Phillip sit for a few minutes while Judy and Alison decide on a game. The Saras now are 6½ years.

HEALTHY, HAPPY QUADS



DRESSING-UP is always fun. Above: Judy admires herself in her mother's clothes, while Alison, in evening gown and straw hat, looks on. Right: Mark, in a kimono and cap, shows Phillip, in his father's helmet and shirt, how he can aim a six-shooter.

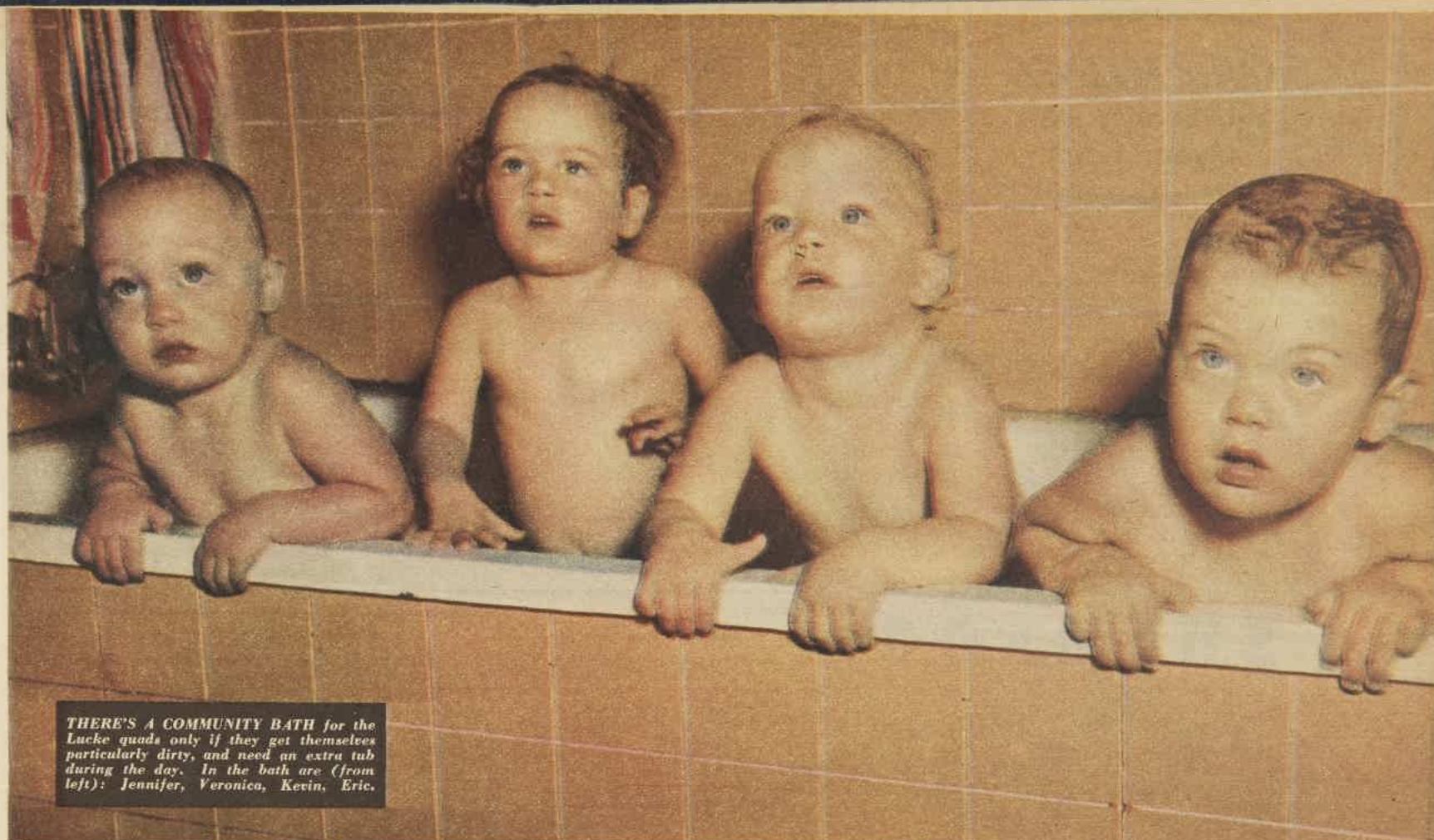
● Australia's famous quads — the Saras and the Luckes — are normal, active youngsters with the same interests and development, even the childhood illnesses, of their age groups. The pictures on these pages show the growing quads.

AT 6½, the Sara quads have one illness behind them. They all have had mumps this summer, going down one by one every fortnight from Christmas until school reopened.

Alison is doing well at school and has moved up to class 1A. She is particularly good at writing. Judy is having treatment for a slight eye defect and has had glasses for some

months. Mark is as irrepressible and as allergic to discipline as ever. Phillip has been bitten by the gardening bug. He has his own garden plot at the Sara home in Punchbowl, N.S.W., and is growing nasturtiums, onions, and beans in happy confusion. Each afternoon after school he brings home new plants — mostly dandelions — for his garden.





THERE'S A COMMUNITY BATH for the Lucke quads only if they get themselves particularly dirty, and need an extra tub during the day. In the bath are (from left): Jennifer, Veronica, Kevin, Eric.

Easter eggs "a treat" for Luckes

AT 20 months, the Luckes—Kevin, Eric, Jennifer, and Veronica—are walking well, starting to talk, and taking an interest in everyone and everything around them.

THE children are so active that their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lucke, have had built for them a special play-pen. Until they learn to climb out of it the pen will keep the quads safely together on the front lawn, where they can watch the passing traffic or planes overhead.

Kevin always drops his toys and looks up, exclaiming "Oo . . . oo . . . oo," when he hears an aircraft.

The Luckes are healthy, sturdy children. When weighed last month Eric was the heavyweight at 31lb., with Kevin 29lb., Jennifer 27lb., and Veronica 24lb.

The quads have a wholesome diet. Their daily menu includes rolled oats and scrambled eggs for breakfast, meat and vegetables with fresh

or stewed fruit and custard for lunch and tea. They also have vegetable concentrate and vitamin-fortified milk.

The quads rarely eat sweets, but as a special treat this Easter they will be given their first Easter eggs.

When not outside in their play-pen they spend most of their day in an airy nursery, built by enclosing the front verandah of the Luckes' home at North Gooburrum, near Bundaberg, Qld.

The nursery has draught-proof glass windows and, like the rest of the house, has fine-mesh screens to keep out flies and mosquitoes.

The flywire and the galvanised iron for the play-pen have been provided by the Cyclone Co. of Australia Ltd.

During the hot, sticky days of February and March, Mrs. Lucke dressed the quads in loose, light sunsuits. Occasionally she turned the hose on them to cool them off.

RIGHT: In their day nursery, once the Luckes' front verandah, the quads (from left), Jennifer, Veronica, Kevin, and Eric, amuse themselves with a new laundry basket. The quads spend much of their time in the nursery.



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Rain does not run away through your
fingers—it all goes right into your hair,
forming a million gentle bubbles that
dissolve any dusty, dulling film, leaving
your hair soft, easy-to-manage, glistening
with new highlights.

**White Rain to-night—
to-morrow your hair
is sunshine bright.**

**5/-
A BOTTLE**

TELEVISION PARADE

Since TV came to Australia six months ago, I have joined many Sydneysiders in peeking over shoulders outside TV shop-windows. Regardless of the little I had seen, I have joined discussions for and against it. Now I control a switch myself, and I think it's fascinating.

It takes only a night's solid viewing, tired eyes, and accumulated washing-up to make you understand that discrimination is necessary to turn TV from a disruptive home influence to one that adds a great deal of pleasure to everyday living.

With the three stations to choose from—ABN Channel 2, ATN Channel 7, and TCN Channel 9—you would be hard to please if you couldn't find an enjoyable programme.

TV is full of surprises.

First impressions are not always right (and so far I haven't seen all the programmes), but here they are. I'm prepared to take a risk and admit later that I was wrong.

News programmes best demonstrate the exciting possibilities of TV, and are sure to get better and better with the use of more maps and pictures.

To me, one of the surprises of TV was the return of the potted palm. Long banished to the parquet floors of the William Street car salesrooms, it has returned to star in nearly all locally produced shows.

Here, there, and everywhere it makes its bow, its fronds waving gracefully in front of musicians, singers, and contestants.

The backgrounds in many of the local shows all seem to suffer from palm fever, or a clutter of "contemporary" curtains, pictures, silver cups, books, and other gewgaws that distract the attention.

I'd prefer a simpler background arrangement that focuses attention on the people before the cameras.

★ ★ ★
SESSION most likely to be a permanent fixture: Sydney Tonight with Keith Walshe.

Mr. Walshe, even got up as Walshe-San in a "Tea House of the August Moon" show, is relaxed and happy and infects you with some of the fun he seems to get out of his show. I like it best when he doesn't have time to talk to the audience and get excited about visitors from foreign parts like Tocumwal and Glenelg.



TV charmer —
CHUCK FAULKNER.



Mr. TV — **ERIC BAUME.**

MY nomination for Mr. TV: Eric Baume, eyebrows, moustache, and all.

Mr. Baume has decided how to treat viewers—he talks to them part of the time, and at others, talks to the interesting people he has with him, with nervous glances and smiles at the cameras. He has a compelling TV personality and talks superbly off the cuff.

★ ★ ★
BEST interviewer: Handsome Keith Miller.

Keith seems to have a gift for making interviewees tell their own story.

—By
NAN MUSGROVE

COULD be TV's charmer: TCN's Chuck Faulkner.

You'll like Chuck better when you know that his accent comes from the fact that he was born in Belfast, Ireland. He is a naturalised Australian and has spent nine years in America working in radio and TV.

★ ★ ★
GREATEST shock: Jack Davey, whose frozen-faced TV personality doesn't match his voice.

Davey's shows are as good as ever, but he looks worried and preoccupied. His smile except on rare occasions is only in his voice.

Some of his TV shows are filmed and broadcast on radio days before they're shown on TV.

THE girl with the game sewn up: Lilli Palmer.

Lilli's show is a pleasure. She looks good, she acts good, and she even makes you think she sings good.

★ ★ ★
BEST show for the whole family: Disneyland on TCN Channel 9.

Disneyland's a delight from beginning to end; one of those shows that don't let you down.

★ ★ ★
ABN Channel 2 has a treat in store for tennis lovers this week with its telecasts of the Australian Hardcourt Tennis Championships, televised direct from the Illawarra Lawn Tennis Association courts at Rockdale.

On Thursday, March 21, the telecast starts at 1.30 and goes on uninterrupted till 5 p.m. On Friday the telecast will be the same, except for a quarter-hour break at 4.15 for Kindergarten Playtime, and on Saturday the telecast starts at 1.00 p.m. and goes right through to 5.30.

Saturday will be the big day, with the finals of the men's singles, women's singles, junior boys' and junior girls' singles being televised.

Known stars competing include: The title holder and 1957 grasscourt champion, Ashley Cooper, Neil Fraser, Mal Anderson, Bob Mark, and triple champion Shirley Fry Irvin, the first international woman player to compete in the Women's Singles.

TV hits Brazil

BRAZIL has succumbed to TV and has taken it like it took to coffee. It just loves it.

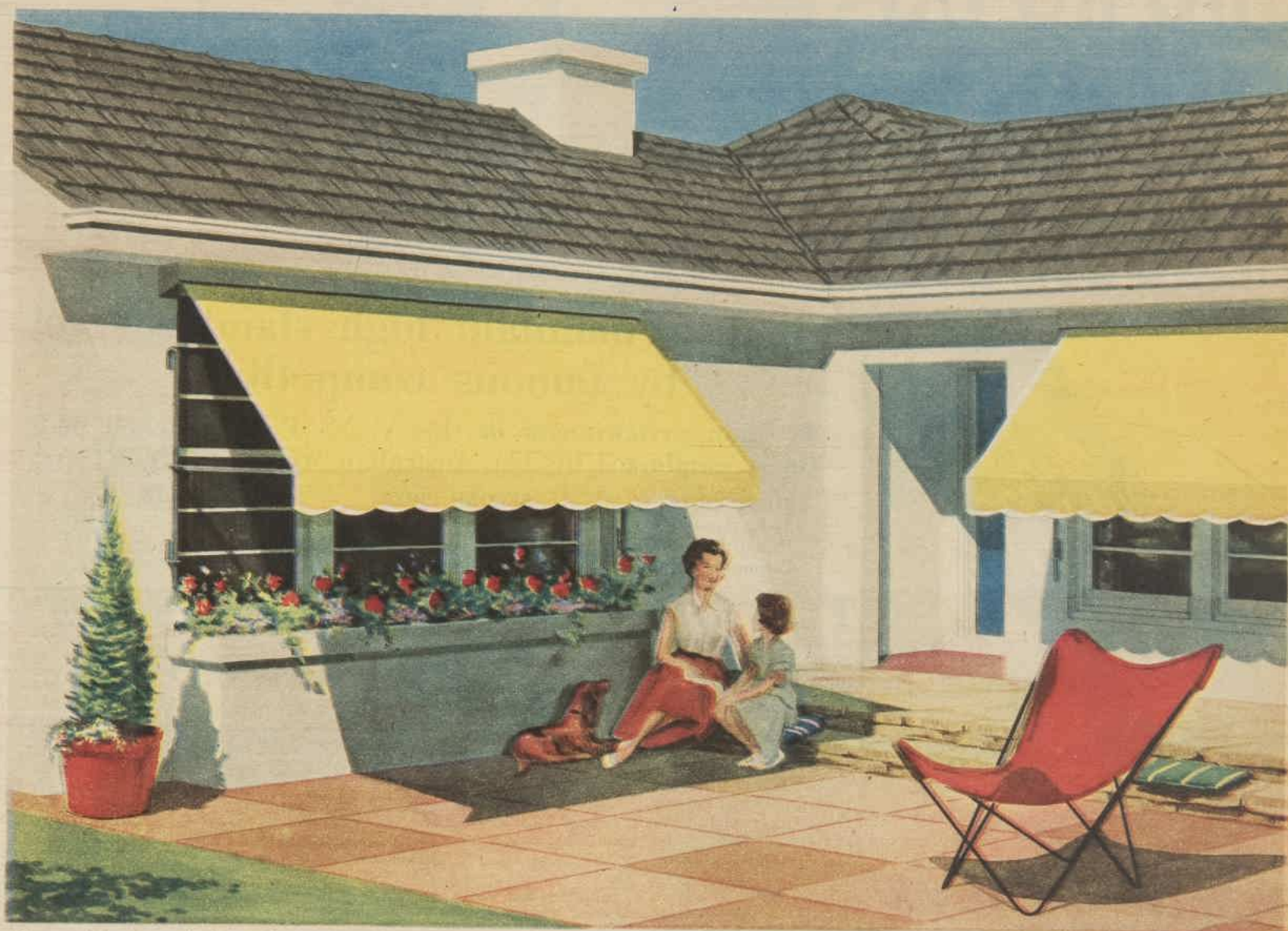
ALREADY there are more than 310,000 TV sets in homes—and popular demand has resulted in an early-morning (8 to 9 a.m.) programme. The most popular programme, however, is the Sunday afternoon football telecast. They are put over with a commentary said to be full of Latin ardor and really frank advice to players.

This ardor is carried over

into next day's newspapers, where an equally frank commentary on the commentator's football commentary always appears.

Another big show in Brazil is "The Sky's the Limit," modelled on the 64,000-dollar-question American quiz show. It gets the same frank treatment in the next day's paper, and competitors enjoy a brief glory as national figures.

In this street
one house stands out



Close-up of house shown in photograph above

... the house with the Canvas

AUSTRALIAN MADE CANVAS

Do you live in a suburban street—like so many of us — where the houses are prettily painted, the lawns and gardens are trim, and yet there is a certain sameness about them—a little stodginess? Do you wonder what you can do to give your own home a little lift?

Try canvas awnings! Their big vigorous splash of colour makes a house come alive! A little home with awnings has a gaiety as if it were flying a private flag at every window. A big home with awnings looks more complete—you'll wonder why you

never thought of them before.

In the new range of canvas colours there are bold brilliant colours that fit so well with the new trends in home decoration—your canvas dealer is bound to be able to show you just the one you want—and the style of awning that will suit you best.

And remember—tough, handsome canvas awnings don't only pay off in good looks. They keep your house up to 20 degrees cooler in the summer—protect curtains against fading, rotting.

CANVAS GOODS MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 27, 1957



LOOK FOR THIS SEAL WHEN YOU BUY CANVAS

It is the quality seal of the Canvas Goods Manufacturers' Federation of Australia. It guarantees the strong, lasting serviceability of the goods which carry it.



SENSATIONAL! NEW ODO·RO·NO STICK DEODORANT



WITH ONE STROKE YOU

- Wipe out perspiration odour instantly
- Protect yourself "round the clock"
- Feel fresh and sure of yourself

New, Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is the easiest, quickest way to apply your deodorant. Especially handy to use right from its ingenious plastic case — there is nothing to unwrap — no contact with fingers — no rubbing in. Sure to be a winner with men, too!

Instant Stick Odo-Ro-No is completely new — protects as no other stick deodorant can, thanks to amazing new formula giving unmatched triple protection! Wonderfully pleasant cologne fragrance.

SO QUICK! STROKE IT ON — IT'S DRY.
THE EASIEST UNDERARM PROTECTION.

Available everywhere — only 6/11.

**Instant STICK
ODO·RO·NO**

FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN



P161

MITCHELL WILL



TRUSTEES of the Peter Mitchell Will Brigadier R. W. Tovell, of Melbourne, and Miss Jocelyn Henderson (second and third from left) met some of this year's finalists at The Union Trustee Company's office in Sydney. With them are Mr. M. S. Pettit (far left) and Mr. A. B. Tilemann, of The Union Trustee Company. Finalists seen are Janet Johnson, N.S.W., Eleanor Cooke, Qld., Shirley Merrylees, Vic., and Lila Hansen, Vic. Shirley and Lila won third and second prizes.

Finalists maintain high standards set by famous competition

● Main prizewinners in this year's Peter Mitchell Will Quest, conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly, are:

FIRST PRIZE:

£512/16/8. Diana Pitkethley, 23, of Cammeray, N.S.W.

SECOND PRIZE:

£256/8/5. Lila Hansen, 27, of St. Kilda, Victoria.

THIRD PRIZE:

£128/4/3. Shirley Merrylees, 21, of Euroa, Victoria.

TWELVE entrants who qualified for runner-up prizes will each receive £64/2/-. In alphabetical order, they are:

Dr. Patricia Bale (Tas.), Constance Browning (Vic.), Anne Buckland (Vic.), Deirdrie Carroll (N.S.W.), Julianne Drynan (Qld.), Lillian Fleming (N.S.W.), Josephine Glen-Doepel (N.S.W.), Jill Hassell (Qld.), Gweneth Johnson (Qld.), Janet Johnson (N.S.W.), Margery McIntyre (N.S.W.), and Jill McLauchlan (N.S.W.).

The Australian Women's Weekly conducted the quest for the third successive year.

Candidates were required to write 16 essays on the set subjects of literature, history, geography, economics, and scripture. Eighteen finalists

were selected from the results of these essays.

These girls were brought to Sydney for a two-day series of interviews with the judging committee.

The judges were Professor A. P. Elkin, Emeritus Professor of Sydney University, Dr. John Fulton, Mrs. C.

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

Tilden, and Miss Betty Archdale.

Diana Pitkethley, winner of the quest, is a physiotherapist at the Margaret Reid Hospital for Children.

She plans to use the prize-money for an overseas tour with two girl-friends in February next year.

Diana was educated at North Sydney Girls' High School.

She is fond of music, sings (soprano) with the Gilbert and Sullivan Society, and is

building a collection of long-playing records.

Most of her evenings, however, are spent studying an Arts II course conducted by the University of New England.

Diana, a Sunday School teacher at the Castlecrag Methodist Church, also is interested in youth work, the Christian Endeavour movement, and in Interscholarship Christian Fellowship camps.

She is an enthusiastic photographer — owns a 35 m.m. camera, and has just returned from a trip to New Zealand during which she went deep-sea fishing for snapper, and cast for trout in North Island streams.

She says: "There's nothing more exciting than the line screaming out when the fly is taken."

Lila Hansen, 27, a librarian, who won second prize, originally came from Western Australia, and her widowed mother still lives there.

Lila is of Danish-Australian

parentage. Her father, who served with the Royal Flying Corps in World War I, flew with Kingsford Smith, and pioneered with him the first air service to North-west Australia.

Next week Lila will marry Wing-Commander William Rait, C.O. of the Aviation Medical School at Point Cook.

They met where Lila works, at the R.A.A.F. Medical Library, Albert Park Barracks.

Lila is an expert sewer and made her own wedding dress of ballerina-length white lace stitched with dozens of diamante dewdrops. The couple will live at Brighton, Victoria.

Lila has two plans for spending the money. Plan A would put funds into her house, and Plan B would use it towards a trip to Europe, where both Miss Hansen and her future husband would like to study.

Five years ago Lila took her Arts degree with honors at the University of Western Australia.

She has already been overseas. An adventurous hitchhiking trip took her from Spanish Morocco to the Arctic.

Tall and dark, Lila likes acting and has appeared on the stage of the Tin-Alley Theatre, Melbourne.

Third prizewinner, Shirley Merrylees, teaches at Euroa, Vic., in the heart of the Ned Kelly country. Shirley is an authority on Kellyana.

Educated at Methodist Ladies' College, Hawthorn, and at Melbourne Teachers' College, Shirley moved to Euroa with her parents three years ago.

An expert swimmer, Shirley holds the Royal Humane Society Certificate of Merit for having rescued a 12-year-



JUDGES in the competition were, from left, Professor A. P. Elkin, Emeritus Professor of Sydney University, Miss Betty Archdale, Principal of the Women's College, Sydney University, Mrs. C. Tilden, former State honorary secretary of the Country Women's Association of N.S.W., and Dr. John Fulton, Chief Executive Officer and Medical Superintendent of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, Sydney.

PRIZEWINNERS IN QUEST



THIRD-PRIZE winner was 21-year-old schoolteacher Shirley Merryless, of Euroa, Vic., who plans to use her award on a trip overseas. Shirley's main ambition is to become a journalist.



SECOND PRIZE went to Lila Hansen, 27, a librarian from St. Kilda, Vic., who will marry Wing-Commander William Rait, C.O. of the Aviation Medical School at Point Cook, next week.



MAIN PRIZEWINNER, Diana Pitkethley, of Cammeray, N.S.W., is a physiotherapist at the Margaret Reid Hospital for Children, Sydney. Diana's prizemoney will also go on an overseas tour, beginning next February.

old girl at a Victorian beach. As a child Shirley suffered from osteomyelitis and took up swimming on medical advice.

Tallest of all the Peter Mitchell Will finalists, she is an athletic-looking girl, with fair curly hair and fine features.

Her other talents include cookery (one of her sponge cakes won first prize in a Euroa contest) and writing. Her main ambition is to become a journalist.

Like Diana Pitkethley, Shirley plans to use her award on an overseas trip.

Professor Elkin, chairman of the judging committee, made these points about the finalists and winners:

● All had adopted a profession or were studying for one.

"It seems strange," he said, "that no finalists have come from the field of stenographers or secretaries."

● Half of the girls had been educated at high schools, half at independent schools.

In past years there were 12

times as many girls from independent schools as from high schools.

● As a type, the country girl was outstanding.

"She is frank, devoted to the open air, and essentially unsophisticated. Years at university or a teachers' college do not affect her attitude to life," said Professor Elkin.

● With few exceptions the finalists were "upholders of the moral and social ideals which the older generation thinks are the right ones."

"If all the women of our country were of this type we wouldn't have to worry much," Professor Elkin added.

Among the 12 runners-up, Dr. Patricia Bale, 25, of Hobart, works as a Government Medical Officer in the New Norfolk district.

This year she will take up an appointment at the Beekman Downtown Hospital, New York, and is learning all she can about her own country so that she can answer American queries about Australia.

Dr. Bale likes Chinese cookery and has a talent for mechanics, servicing her own car when visiting patients in rough country.

Constance Browning, 21, of Campbell's Creek, near Castlemaine, Vic., teaches English and social studies.

A B.A., Constance is engaged to Victorian schoolteacher Graeme Larmour and plans to marry in January, 1958.

Ski-ing, swimming, tennis, dressmaking, and classes in first-aid and German are among her interests.

Anne Buckland, 23, of Frankston, Vic., also a schoolteacher, came to Australia from England with her parents eight years ago.

She hopes to return to England and take a course in youth leadership.

At Olinda, Vic., Anne runs a youth club, where she teaches crafts and gymnastics. She enjoys music, dressmaking, basketball, swimming, and ballroom dancing.

Deirdrie Carroll, 19, of Port Macquarie, N.S.W., teaches needlework and home economics at Coff's Harbor High School.

Deirdrie entered the contest at the dying request of her father, the late Mr. G. Carroll, and was pleased, for his sake, she was among the finalists.

Deirdrie makes her own clothes, knits, ices cakes, likes riding, and holds a bronze medallion for swimming.

Julanne Drynan, 20, of Brisbane, Qld., has contested the Peter Mitchell Will Quest two years running.

An Arts graduate, interested in acting, Julanne comes from the country district of Rathdownie, where her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Drynan, run a dairying and grazing property.

Lillian Fleming, 26, of East Maitland, N.S.W., is a school counsellor and specialist in teaching.

Lillian, holder of an Arts degree and Diploma in Education, has specialised in psychology and visits many country schools.

She is a supporter of the Children's Special Service Mission, which runs inter-denominational holiday camps in N.S.W., and intends to donate some of her prize-money to it.

Josephine Glen-Doepel, 22, of Vauchuse, N.S.W., a fourth-year medical student, won a similar award in the 1955 Quest.

After graduation Josephine would like to study pediatrics in America, which she visited in 1952.

She was a schoolgirl at the time, and wrote a prize-winning essay, for which she was selected to represent Australia at a youth forum conducted by the "New York Herald Tribune."

Jill Hassell, 20, of Rockhampton, Qld., a final-year physiotherapy student in Brisbane, was also one of the runners-up in 1955.

Jill plans an overseas trip "later on."

At present she studies, acts with drama groups, plays golf, cooks "savory things," and attends orchestral concerts.

Gweneth Johnson, 20, of Brisbane, Qld., is studying for her Arts degree at night. She teaches during the day at a school for the deaf.

Her ambition is to study speech therapy.

Gweneth likes craftwork, dressmaking, fencing, acting, and singing, and is a keen bushwalker and climber.

Janet Johnson, 22, of New Lambton, N.S.W., teaches physical education at Tamworth High School.

Her aim is to live on the



RUNNERS-UP, with the first-prize winner, meet one of the Trustees, Miss Jocelyn Henderson (second from right), before the judging. The girls are, from left, Julanne Drynan, Qld., Constance Browning, Vic., Diana Pitkethley, N.S.W., Dr. Patricia Bale, Tas., and Jill McLauchlan, N.S.W.

land and to run fine-wool merino sheep.

Margery McIntyre, 22, of Turrumurra, N.S.W., holds an Arts degree, and has almost completed a librarian's course.

Margery, small and athletic, plays hockey and tennis, and plans a working holiday abroad next year.

Jill McLauchlan, 26, of Fivedock, N.S.W., formerly an accounting machine operator, is now an occupational therapy student.

Clever with handicrafts, she dressmakes, knits, tans, makes French flowers, and cooks.

Jill has also been a nurse, and has spent some time as a governess in the country-



AT PARTY given for finalists by The Australian Women's Weekly, Mr. A. C. Dent, of The Union Trustee Co., serves fruit-punch to two more of the runners-up, Jill Hassell, Qld. (left), and Gweneth Johnson, Qld.

PETER STUCKEY MITCHELL

a grazier, of Bringenbrong, near Albury, N.S.W., who died in 1921 at the age of 64, left a fortune to provide annual prizes to promising young Australians.

His will directed that after the death of his wife — Mrs. Mitchell died in 1954 — the net income from his estate should be awarded, through periodical competitions, as prizes to 15 unmarried women under the age of 30, to 10 youths under 21, and to soldiers, sailors, and police.

The trustees of the will are Walter George Henderson, retired solicitor, of Robertson, N.S.W., his daughter, Miss Jocelyn Henderson, Brigadier Raymond Walter Tovell, chartered accountant, of Melbourne, and The Union Trustee Company of Australia Ltd.

This is the third year in which the quest has been conducted. The Australian Women's Weekly has conducted the quest each year.

Now!

CLEAN
TWICE
AS FAR
WITHOUT
LIFTING
OR
CARRYING



* Actual photograph — Exclusive! Hoover's new double-stretch hose — only one of its kind. It stretches to double its length, yet is lighter and more flexible than any other.

HOOVER *Constellation*

(REG. TRADE MARK)

* with Exclusive double-stretch hose and swivel top that gives you miracle round-the-room cleaning

You have to see this beautiful new Hoover in action to believe it. Pick up the Constellation's amazingly light and flexible hose; see how it stretches . . . five, ten, almost fifteen feet. Imagine walking freely round your own living room, cleaning every nook and cranny without having to move the canister. No more dragging and pulling, bumping and scratching furniture! About all that's needed is a hand to guide it.

Light! Powerful!

No dust is too deeply embedded for the Constellation's powerful suction. Not only dirt and grit, but threads and fluff are cleaned away efficiently and easily.

Exclusive Throw-away Dustbag



You simply flip open the canister, slide out the dust-proof paper container and throw it away. No dirt to touch — no dirt to see! Of course, you may re-use the bag if you like — but it's such a big one that you only need to empty it every month or so.

A Whole New World of Cleaning Power in The Constellation's 12-inch Sphere



Exclusive nozzle takes fewer strokes, means more thorough cleaning, because suction is effective right across the nozzle. Swivelling carpet nozzle, with brush that drops into position to pick up stubborn thread, swoops under beds and low-slung furniture with ease.



Magic Suction Wand cleans high, cleans low — and never, never comes apart in use. Every joint is leak-proof, with full suction power to move tight-clinging dust from skirting boards, walls, curtains and lampshades.



Cleaning Tools that Can't Scratch Furniture are finished with pliable plastic. Simplicity itself to fit and remove, they pack tidily into a neat container that you may hang on the wall.

Out of this World
in value only **40** Gns.

including
cleaning tools.
Easy Terms,
of course.

HC34.WWFC



WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Chisholm with attendants, flower-girl Jane Jenkins, Tony Chisholm (at back left), Bill Prior, Ryke Tolley, and (in front, from left) Mrs. Tony Chisholm, Mrs. David Lewis, and Mrs. Robin Armytage.

GROOM'S MOTHER. Mrs. Jim Sargood, arrives at St. Mark's with Mr. Sargood for the wedding of her younger son, Bruce Chisholm. Bruce married Jo Dalglish, only daughter of Mrs. J. Dalglish, of "Pomeroy," Goulburn, and the late Mr. Dalglish.



SOCIAL JOTTINGS

POLO enthusiasts are looking forward to the visit of a three-man American polo team, which will arrive in Sydney early next month to play against four New South Wales teams in the night polo competition at the Royal Easter Show.

The American team is made up of Mr. L. C. Smith (he is the Western governor of the U.S.A. Polo Association), Mr. Gordon Vontempky, and Mr. Manduke Baldwin.

Well-known polo players from the Vychan team, Dougal and Tom Bray and Alex McLeod, of Cassilis, played against Gordon and Manduke in Honolulu.

MAY 14 is the wedding date set by Jennifer Eaton and her fiancé, Bill McKenzie, of "Goodwin," Brewarrina.

KEEN racegoers Mr. and Mrs. W. Horton Browne, of "Wirruna," Young, have had a busy time lately. After attending the Australian Cup meeting at Flemington, Melbourne, they travelled to Canberra for the annual picnic race meeting.

PERSONALITY-PLUS Julia Darvas, now appearing at the Tivoli Theatre in "Olympic Follies," finds time between her stage and a social life to make hats. At a cocktail party given for Julia when she arrived in Sydney, I admired the hat worn by Betty Stewart — an eye-catching model of violets and green velvet which Julia had run up for her that afternoon.

NEWLYWEDS Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Downes, who were married in Darwin, are spending a few weeks in Sydney, Canberra, and Melbourne. Mrs. Downes was formerly Heather Brooks, of Grafton, and a nursing sister of the Darwin Hospital. Geoffrey is attached to the dental clinic at Darwin, and they will return there after visiting his parents, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Downes, of Forrest, Canberra. Dr. Downes is the Assistant Director-General of Health.



ENGAGED. Airlie Garrard, of Mosman, and her fiancé, David Bell, who is the youngest son of Mrs. R. M. Bell, of "Esdaile," South Esk, Queensland.



AT FIRST NIGHT. Mrs. Gordon Johnston (left) with Mrs. W. J. Smith at the opening night of "The Beggar's Opera" at the Elizabethan Theatre, Newtown. Mrs. Johnston wore a corse stole with her short-skirted dress, and Mrs. Smith chose a poppy-red silk opera coat.

INTERSTATE INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Birley, who were married at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble. The bride was Patricia Mildren, of Pymble. Richard is the son of Lady Birley, of Nedlands, Perth, Western Australia.



GUESTS OF HONOR at a reception are (from left) Welsh singer Thomas L. Thomas, Mrs. Julius Katchen and her husband, American pianist Julius Katchen. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Katchen are touring Australia for the A.B.C.

A MANNEQUIN parade with an East Meets West theme will be held in Canberra on March 27 in the grounds of the New Zealand High Commissioner's residence.

Mrs. Suzuki, wife of Mr. Tadakatsu Suzuki, Japanese Ambassador in Australia, Mrs. G. E. L. Alderton, wife of the New Zealand High Commissioner, and Mrs. A. M. L. Winkelman, wife of the Netherlands Ambassador to Australia, are busy with an enthusiastic committee finalising the plans for the afternoon.

Lovely Japanese materials made into Australian fashions will be shown at the parade,

which is part of a campaign organised by the Pan-Pacific Women's Association to enable them to send a delegate to an International Association Conference to be held in Tokyo in 1958.

FAREWELL dinner-party for Mary Tancred, was given by Joan Wheeler, of "Kia Ora," Scone, who came down to Sydney just in time to say "bon voyage" to Mary and her parents, the Harry Tancred, of Bellevue Hill. The Tancred's plan on a four months' trip to Hongkong, Tokyo, Honolulu, America, and England.

Anne

New **KAYSER**
Slumberwear
makes overnight news

9790 Feminine Fancy — Tailored Nightgown of downy-soft brushed nylon Nylosuede trimmed with nylon flower motif. £5.19.6

9745 Pretty as a Picture — figure-flattering swirling nylon nightgown, full bustline and shoulder straps of enchanting embroidery 67/6

5807 Video Glamour — Tee Vee Pyjama of snug Kaysuede, beautifully full but firmly cuffed for cosiness 45/-

5716 Winsome Winner — Soft, warm Kaysuede full-skirt nightgown with demure shawl yoke trimmed with shell lace. 45/-

5774 Cuddly Comfort — Cosy Kayressa Nightgown, closely-fitting rolled collar gives extra warmth and charm 52/6

5720 Lovely Luxury — Soft-to-touch, warm-to-wear Kaysuede nightgown, with lace-trimmed pleated nylon inserts 52/6

5809 Gloriously Gay — Care-free cosy Kaysuede Pyjama, the Bodice is finished with delicate nylon embroidery 49/11

9759 Boudoir Beauty — Deluxe nylon Empire line nightgown highlighted with fabulous lace over filmy tulle yoke. £5.17.6

**SLEEP MY
PRETTY ONE**

in

KAYSER
Slumberwear



Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● It's hard to believe that "love-is-wonderful" routine when you're in your teens, falling in and out of love, waiting for letters, for telephones to ring, for dates. But there comes a time when love is wonderful—but it's a different wonderful from what you thought.

THE mailbag this week was crammed with letters mostly about love problems. Here are some of them:

"I HAVE been going around with a boy for about six months. Just lately I have noticed he is not as interested in me as he was. My problem is now should I ask him to be my deb partner in a few months' time as I like him very much and would not be able to find anyone else as suitable to partner me."

Upset, N.S.W.

Well, that's up to you, but be prepared for a refusal. I can see your point. He is "suitable" as a deb partner whether your romance is on or off. You'll have to get right down to tin tacks with him when you issue this invitation. Say something like "Look, X, things have worn a bit thin with us, but how about being my deb partner, whatever the situation?"

Boys appreciate this sort of straight talk—and he'd probably be prepared to take a sporting risk and promise to take you, come what may.

I think the tin-tacks invitation is the only one to think of.

If you ask him in the ordinary way, you'll scare him. He'll think you're trying to pin him to your side at least until you make your debut, and all you do will be to hasten the end of your association.

"AS I am to become engaged soon, I would like your advice on how often my fiancé and I should see each other. I am 21. He is on afternoon shift one week out of two, so he takes me out one Saturday night out of two, and to church one Sunday night out of two. When he works on Saturday night, he



A word from Debbie . . .

FOR that well-groomed look you must keep busy. You should:

EVERY DAY: Have a shower or bath, use a deodorant, brush your hair well.

TWICE A DAY: Clean your teeth, make up your face from a clean start.

ONCE A WEEK: Shampoo your hair, wash your brush and combs, shave your legs and underarms, manicure your nails.

ONCE A WEEKEND: Do your laundry, ironing, mending.

picks me up from the pictures and brings me home on his way from work. Do you think it would be about right if we see each other three week nights during the week he is on day shift?"

J.L., N.S.W.

Quite all right. There's no convention that says how many times a week you should see each other; you can see each other once a week, a month, or a year, or every day. It just depends on how much you like seeing each other, and you'd better find this out, too, before you get married.

"OUR maths teacher has awful cigarette breath. When we ask for his help the smell is intolerable. Is there anything one can do about it?"

Breathholders, Tasmania.

Bad breath is most unpleasant to suffer, but I really feel that cigarette breath can hardly be classified as "bad." However, there are many efficient mouth deodorisers on the market. Buy some and leave them unobtrusively on the teacher's desk. He'll take the hint.

Be civilised about it and don't let this action be followed by sniggering and knowing looks.

Remember, you'll be unique if you don't have "intolerable" breath yourself sometimes.

"A BOY I like very much is in the Navy. I write to him, but he has answered only two of my letters. (I have written eight.) I first met him when he came to where I work, but since then I have heard that he likes another girl. He seemed very friendly towards me, and even made a personal visit to say goodbye to me. He comes from a very nice family, he is 20 and I am 16. My parents do not know that I write to him, and I am not yet allowed to go out with boys, which I have told him. I only see him at Christmas time. Please don't tell me to forget him, as I can't."

"Bewildered," Brisbane.

You can't forget him, I know, but you can stop writing to him. Obviously he doesn't want you to write or he'd answer your letters. Stop writing and see if he calls on you next Christmas.

Smooth away
the years...
overnight!

Here at last is a
miraculous new lotion
for restoring youthful contours
to throat and chin...

Cyclax

neck-line

Banishes tell-tale lines!

Supports tired muscles!

Removes unpleasant 'crepiness'!

Stays the hand of time!

Long before your face shows your age, your throat is telling on you. The skin of the neck sags and lines... chin and jawline become tired and flabby. To overcome these tell-tale signs Cyclax introduce a miraculous new lotion — Neck-Line! As you gently massage this unique preparation over throat and chin you can feel its instant effect. Rich emollients feed the dry skin and remove unpleasant "crepiness"... smoothing, softening, moisturising! Special astringents act on lazy muscles... moulding, stimulating, lifting the outline. Overnight — age seems to lift away. You feel—and look—years younger! From this very moment new Cyclax Neck-Line becomes your most essential aid to youthful loveliness. 27/6.



For that vital, radiant, **younger** look

The routine is so simple...
the result so exciting!

Cyclax Neck-Line is non-oily, non-greasy, is quickly absorbed, leaves no sticky film! Pat it gently into neck, chin and jawline before you go to sleep — or wear it under make-up through the day — it's so very easy! A few minutes faithful application night or morning will reward you with an increasing firmness of contour... a developing fineness of skin... a softer, smoother complexion!

Cyclax **neck-line**

*****DISC DIGEST*****

EVERY now and then a recording comes along which renews one's confidence in the gramophone, making full amends for today's ugly flood of gimmick discs and freakish pop songs.

One such record is a "new" microgroove of "Carmen," which, as a matter of fact, was recorded 26 years ago. The star is none other than the fabulous Conchita Supervia, who died in 1936. She is generally regarded throughout the opera world as the finest of all Carmens, and the appearance of this record has caused a sensation among opera-lovers in England and on the Continent.

These extracts were made on 78 r.p.m. records with her original Jose (Gaston Michelletti), Mercedes (Andree Ber-

nadet), and Frasquita (Andree Vavon), who had appeared with her at the Opera-Comique, Paris. They caused a sensation at the time of their issue, as did Supervia's recordings of Falla's "Seven Popular Spanish Songs," but eventually they were deleted from the lists and were considered more or less lost to posterity.

Now, thanks to microgroove recording, this magnificent composite of the best music from "Carmen" has been restored and Supervia lives once again. It's easy to see why she was so wildly acclaimed. This Carmen is all gipsy, not a Hollywood star in fancy dress. There is more than a suggestion of the genuine flamenco passion in Supervia's thrilling mezzo-soprano, and her performance will be a revelation

to those who have been accustomed to the average performance of this opera in which, more often than not, Carmen is sung by a soprano.

It is only comparatively recently that "Carmen" was promoted to the rank of grand opera. It was first performed in Paris as a light opera, consisting of spoken dialogue and arias, etc., and it was done in French, as is the LP record. The transfer to the new medium is excellent, and many overseas connoisseurs are convinced that by some strange magic the Supervia artistry is better now than it ever was on the old 78s. "Conchita Supervia Sings Carmen" (PMAO. 1024) is a record to be treasured.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

Hollywood's favourite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favourite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars! It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into rich lather, leaves hair so easy to manage. It beautifies! For bright, fragrantly clean hair, choose the favourite of Hollywood stars!



Elizabeth Taylor

starring in M.G.M.'s "RAINTREE COUNTY"
in M.G.M. Camera 65 and Metrocolour



Tubettes 1/3, Small Size 1/11, Large Economy Size 3/4
BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY
SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

Also available in creamy
satin-soft lotion form in
leakproof Bubbles, 1/- ea.

How to beat attacks of ASTHMA and HAY FEVER

Pollens and dusts irritate membranes of nose and throat, cause gasping for breath, "running" nose and eyes, exhausting sneezing and open the door to germs which may cause deep-seated bronchitis and catarrh. Extracts of pollens and house dusts in Lantigen 'E' desensitise the tissues—prevent attacks. You can thus be free from asthma and hay fever misery. The proof! "... over 30 years a constant sufferer from hay fever. I started Lantigen 'E' on 25th November, 1941. By 2nd December I was completely free, and have been since." No injections! No drugs! Economical!

Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., York Street,
Sydney, Australia.

Ask your
chemist for

Lantigen 'E'

Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHEN a friend announced she had left home because she couldn't get on with her mother, I was shocked. But since then I have come in contact with other girls who have "got out" for the same reason. Oh, how grateful it makes me! Not because I have a superhumanly tolerant mother, but because we have always managed to understand each other. My mother is by far my best and dearest friend. Those usual petty arguments occur, but we have always been able to smooth things over and get back to normal. Perhaps, when I eventually leave home, I will have missed the independence my friend enjoys, but I will have many happy memories to take with me, and a mother who will always be willing to come if I am in need. No anger or grievances will have marred those years we spent together as adults.

£1/1/- to Miss Pamela Stuart, 238 Campbell Pde., North Bondi, N.S.W.

IT would make it easier for postmen, simplify things for people looking for friends' houses in strange towns, and assist tradesmen in locating newcomers to a district if householders would have their names on the letterbox.

10/6 to Joan Neems, 8 Rockleigh St., Wyong, N.S.W.

IN view of the usual pitying looks and exclamations with which a new baby is greeted in an already large family, I found this quite refreshing, and from a mother-in-law, too! "So you have ANOTHER grandchild," a friend said to her, "however does the little mother manage?" My friend replied, "You should just see! She manages amazingly, and with such speed and competence." Last week I was invited to visit that home. When I complimented the radiant young mother of four charming children on the wonderful job she was doing, the secret of her success (or one of them) was revealed in her reply: "Of course, anything I do for the children I never regard as WORK."

10/6 to "Onlooker," Sandy Bay, Tas.

THE emotional changes, even conflicts, accompanying the graduation from primary to secondary school classes were the subject of a recent broadcast discussion. It seems to me that nowadays every normal and quite ordinary event comes in for this mania for discussion and analysis. As I remember it, I and my class companions made the transition quite naturally and normally. Or are those of my generation to suppose that, unknown to us, we have always been subject to some repressed emotional strain?

10/6 to Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, "Wamboyne," West Wyalong, N.S.W.

THE ordinary domestic bath is too deep. If it were six inches shallower it would be easier for young children and for the aged to get in and out. Apart from being easier to clean, it would be less costly in construction and could therefore sell at a lower price. As well, a shallower bath would have the effect of forcing the extravagant to use less water.

10/6 to Mrs. E. W. Evans, 5 Albert St., Leura, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

THIS struck me as a novel and enchanting idea: Included among the gifts to a new girl baby was a beautiful lace handkerchief, with the message, "Something old for your wedding day."

10/6 to "Cards," Bundaberg, Qld.

WHAT a lot of pleasure one can get from letters, especially if one is not able to go out and enjoy the company and conversation of friends. By reading the Letters From Our Readers' page, I feel as though I have been in a pleasant gathering of kindly folk, hearing of things near to their hearts, and of interest to everybody. Some time ago I wrote a letter, which you published, and a lady from Western Australia noticed my address and got in touch with me, saying she had lived here years ago, and wondered how the place was progressing. I replied, and now am very happy as her pen-friend, and I know she likes my letters, too.

10/6 to "Shut In," Osborne, S.A.

Name for nagging men

MRS. E. ELLIS (27/2/57) was looking for a word that applies to men if "nagging" applies to women. The word she wants is "maggings." Women are supposed to be the gossips, but I have formed the impression that men do more than their share. But when reproached with this, the answer is, "Oh, no, we were only talking." Hence my selection of the word "maggings" as being descriptive of them.

10/6 to "The Nag," Carrieton, S.A.

Family affairs

I WAS horrified when master three-and-a-half came home with some swear words, and I decided that quick action was necessary. Next time I heard him I said, "You silly old billy, you've got the wrong words. You don't mean so-and-so, you mean..." and here I substituted some inoffensive words with something of the same sound. "Oh," was the puzzled little boy's only comment, but after that he used the words I suggested and apparently forgot the bad words. This may help some other person faced with the same problem.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Elizabeth Blackshaw, Howitt St., Ballarat, Vic.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I'VE been studying the first pictures of Princess Caroline of Monaco's pram.

It has special design features of much interest to pram owner-pushers.

The wheels are very large, giving exceptional ground clearance—probably enough for Princess Grace's poodle Oliver to walk underneath.

The springs and shock-absorbers, too, are bigger than those on stock models.

It is hard to judge the comfort of a pram without having a trial run in it, but I would guess that Princess Caroline's vehicle has excellent riding qualities.

The square luggage boot under the handles is a homely touch.

I don't suppose Princess Grace will use this space for vegetables or groceries. But it is sure to come in handy for other things—perhaps to help carry home the takings from the Casino.

The pram is big enough to carry an extra passenger.

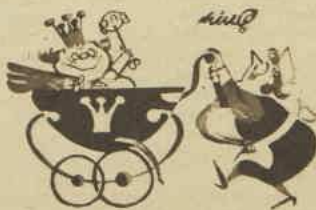
This is important, I have found, when it is being used for the second baby.

SUPERPRAM

The elder brother or sister, who walks alongside, usually gets tired on the way home from an outing and hitches a ride in the pram.

If space is cramped, the hitch-hiker may sit on a bag of eggs or tomatoes.

I am assuming that Prince Rainier



and Princess Grace will do as we did, and use the same pram for all their children.

However, if they decide to get a new one next time, Princess Caroline's pram should have a good resale or trade-in value.

They could advertise it as "executive's private pram, maintained in showroom cond., one owner."

It is usually around the third baby that a pram begins to depreciate fast.

The tyres go, the steering becomes loose, and the upholstery has the buttons picked out.

We had a lot of trouble getting rid of our old one. In fact, we had to throw in a bath and two dozen diapers.

Some people keep the pram after the children have outgrown it, and use it for carrying coal or firewood.

Personally I do not recommend this. A wheelbarrow stands up to rough work much better.

I've no doubt Princess Grace feels the same on this point.

In a few months we can hope for pictures of Princess Caroline's high chair.

My only worry—based on this jumbo-size pram—is that the chair may be too high.

Even little princesses fall out of their high chairs.

And the higher they are the harder they fall.



CASSOWARIES (*Casuarus casuarus*) found in north-eastern Australia and New Guinea. The chicks are beautifully striped, and the stripes make an effective camouflage in the jungle shadows. They are able to run a few hours after they are hatched.

These are **Australian: BABY BIRDS**

● Chicks seldom resemble adult birds. Some, blind and naked when hatched, are as helpless as human babies for a couple of weeks. Their first feathering is downy for warmth. Young petrels (see bottom right picture) are almost lost in their downy covering.

—Cassowaries photographed by Mr. N. Chaffer, Roseville, N.S.W.; Magpies by Mr. H. E. Brenton, Woodenbong, N.S.W.; Frogmouth by Mr. K. C. Boorman, Crabbes Creek, N.S.W.; Storm Petrel by Dr. Allen Keast, Sydney.



BLACK-BACKED MAGPIES (*Gymnorhina tibicen*). These wide-open beaks are ready to receive the beetles and worms supplied by parents, who fiercely "dive-bomb" intruders in the vicinity of the nest. Magpies are among Australia's finest songbirds.



ABOVE: Tasmy frogmouth (*Podargus strigoides*) in his flimsy nest of sticks. **RIGHT:** White-faced storm petrel (*Pelagodroma marina*). These seabirds spend their adult life on the surface of the ocean. Single chicks are hatched in burrows on the land.





this space reserved for a second tooth that must last for 63 years

YOU: They tell me that over 98% of Australian children are affected by tooth decay.

US: Yes. And, on the average, a 14-year-old child has already lost two permanent teeth.

YOU: I don't want that to happen to any child of mine! Can't anything be done about tooth decay?

US: Certainly. In fact, that's why IPANA contains WD-9.

YOU: How can WD-9 help?

US: WD-9 destroys the bacteria that cause decay. It foams into tiny crevices where even the toothbrush can't reach.

YOU: Mm—and that's so important when it comes to children's teeth. But, tell me, is it really important to brush as soon as possible after eating?

US: Yes. Your dentist will support that. Incidentally, 8 out of 10 dentists recommend IPANA above any other toothpaste.

YOU: Well, nothing could be more convincing. My family will start using IPANA to-day.

US: And you'll find IPANA has such a sparkling-fresh flavour, everyone will love to use it.

Protect your family's teeth
with...



Recommended
by 8 out of 10 dentists

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

BUTCH



"Says the tools are for his hobby, but he wouldn't tell me what his hobby is."

MOTHER



"Isn't it fun! Dear little Cedric has come to play with you!"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

IN a piece deploring various recent teenage antics in America, writer Robert Ruark concluded: "I swear things were different when I was a boy."

Mr. Ruark, who is middle-aged and the father of a family, falls into the common error of parents—for it is mostly parents who are afflicted by the belief that young people nowadays are different.

They also persist in regarding all delinquents as typical of the present day, conveniently forgetting that any such existed in the past.

Not long ago at a party I heard a father, who was young in the nineteen thirties, begin to hold forth in this strain. Crying "ridiculous!" I woke from a slight doze on the corner of the sofa, and the consequent argument kept the party going for an hour.

To hear some parents talk you would think that the motor-car had been invented in the nineteen thirties. They conveniently forget their contemporaries who dashed round in sports cars at 70 miles an hour (yes, children, there WERE cars then that would travel at 70) and remember only those boys and girls who showed solemnity from infancy.

They also forget that the bathing-suits of the time drew some thundering denunciations. These were discreet enough in front (the bust, having disappeared altogether in the 'twenties, had not yet staged its spectacular revival).

The backbone, however, was freely displayed, and the boldest girls were those who showed the greatest number of vertebrae below the waist.

Some kind of protective glaze appears to form on the memory of adults as soon as they have children. This glaze becomes thicker, often quite impenetrable, when the children reach adolescence.

It is natural, of course, for the middle-aged and elderly to find the young tiresome, just as the young find the middle-aged and elderly boring.

But it is better for parents who find the young exasperating to look not back but forward, as does the American poet Ogden Nash in describing the irritations of a home filled with teenagers.

He ends it (I have forgotten the exact words) by saying how gleefully he anticipates the time "When their own adolescents adolescence."

IT'S some time now since it first became fashionable to tack "wise" as a suffix on to words which had formerly never borne its weight.

The habit began, I believe, in advertising circles, and spread into ordinary life. People began to say clothes were good "fashion-wise" or "budget-wise," that certain foods were valuable "diet-wise" and others "flavor-wise."

The other day a friend rang to tell me that a certain celebrity was arriving in town. I said that I would mention this to the editor, since the celebrity might make a story.

"Yes," said my friend, "but I thought also you might be interested in him par-wise."

FRENCH actress Edwige Feuillere, in London for a brief season, said: "I never make statements about anything, because I always change my mind. What seems black today may seem snow-white tomorrow."

One report of these remarks said that Madame Feuillere was "exercising a very female prerogative." But in reality she was expressing the attitude of an intelligent person, male or female.

How dull to go through life with the same fixed views.

Some occupations—politics, for instance—require consistency, but in others there's no reason why you cannot change your mind.

And there can be any number of reasons for changing the mind. Maybe you've learned fresh facts about a subject. Maybe you're sick of arguing along the same lines. Or maybe someone with whom you fundamentally disagree takes one side, so you naturally take the other.

The day all your opinions start to set like concrete—why, then, you're over the hill.

INVENTIONS to be shown at an exhibition in Brussels include a ring for slicing off the top of an egg neatly.

Believe it or not, this device, which shows a passion for neatness bordering on the neurotic, is the work of a woman. It is more often the male who would complicate life by wanting anything as unnecessary as a neat boiled egg.

FAMOUS party giver Elsa Maxwell says that one of the secrets of a good party is to ask the guests making an early departure not to say goodbye. Farewells break up a party too soon.

Miss Maxwell, from her circles rarefied, Discusses parties where the work is done By paid-for hands whose slaving, undescried, Is not confused by efforts to have fun. And yet, a hostess of the lesser kind Who, entertaining, works herself to death, Is, when she gives a party, apt to find It finishes before she gets her breath.

For, having rushed all day to cook the food And wondered whether there's enough to eat, She's fidgety at first, inclined to brood, Fluttering around, she's never off her feet. And then at last when all the guests are fed And coffee served. (How fast three hours can pass!)

There comes a lull. The hostess cries, "I'm dead," And flops upon an armchair, grabs a glass.

Her nerves unwind. She's ready to be gay. The guests, replete, begin to stretch and yawn. "We should be going soon," they start to say, And speak of Sitters and the coming morn. The hostess feels the party's just begun. They brush aside her cry "The night's a pup," And callously they leave her, one by one, To ashtrays, olive stones, and washing up.

Film Fan-Fare

Conducted by
M. J. McMAHON

Lydia Brazzi tells ...

How to stay married to a screen lover

By LLOYD SHEARER, in Hollywood

● A few weeks ago Rossano Brazzi, Italy's foremost screen Casanova, arrived in Hollywood to finish "Interlude" with June Allyson—and brought his wife, Lydia, along. Soon tongues began to wag.

LYDIA BRAZZI does not look like the wife of a movie star, especially one who plays "great lover" roles (as in "Three Coins in the Fountain," "Summer Madness," and "Loser Takes All").

In fact, 40-year-old Lydia, 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 13 stone 2lb., has a 44in. bust, 40in. waist, and 44in. hips.

Ordinarily these generous proportions would make a screen lover's wife the target of barbs and quips in this sniper-ridden community. Instead, Lydia is widely liked, respected, and admired here.

The reason is simple. After 17 years of marriage, her handsome husband declares that he is more in love with her than ever, that he hates to leave her side.

"In 50 films," Brazzi asserts, "I have played opposite many beautiful, charming actresses. Not one can hold the little finger of my Lydia. She is just wonderful. That is the only word to describe her. Every wife in the world should take lessons from Lydia. Then there would be no divorce."

What is there about Lydia Brazzi that drives her husband to such praise? She is sparkling, charming, highly intelligent. And she can look at herself objectively.

"I think," she says, "it's my disposition Rossano likes. I try always to be gay and cheerful. Disposition is the most important thing for a wife, at least in Europe. In America the most important thing seems to be diet. Every woman wants to lose weight. There are all kinds of reducing systems. Why are the women of America so anxious to lose weight?"

"Will your husband love you more at 115lbs than he does at 120 or 125? I don't understand the thinking here. American men, it is known all over the world, make the

best husbands. They are the world's best providers. No doubt about it. Do they love only the bodies of their wives? Impossible.

"And yet I think the wives worry more about diet than disposition. This is a big mistake. No matter how lovely a woman's figure is, it will fade with time."

Lydia Bertolini (as she then was) met Rossano Brazzi in 1937, when both were students at the University of San Marcos in Florence, Italy. They were married in January, 1940, when both were 23.

On their 15th anniversary they were so much in love that they repeated their marriage vows in Florence with a special benediction from the Pope.

It was about that time that Rossano, who had made one unsuccessful visit to Hollywood in 1949, was catching on as a film Romeo in Italy and winning the reputation that since has led him to new triumphs in the States.

"A good disposition," says Lydia today, "lasts a lifetime. It is not easy to be gay and smiling most of the time. It takes cultivation and effort. But it is necessary to keep the marriage happy. The worst thing a husband can come home to is a frowning, complaining wife."

"For Rossano when he comes home I have always ready the smile, the joke, the word of praise. 'You are the sunlight in our house,' I tell him. And it is true, because I feel that way about him."

"Many times women ask me why I am not jealous. They ask, 'In 17 years, has Rossano given you no reason to be suspicious?' It is foreign to my nature to be suspicious. Suspicion is what makes a woman old before her time. Suspicion is what drives a husband from his home."

"Rossano is a man," Lydia points out emphatically. "If he does not stop to look at a pretty girl, a pretty figure, he is sick. There is a big differ-



FILM CASANOVA Rossano Brazzi and his Italian wife, Lydia. Though he has made screen love to dozens of really beautiful women, he firmly says his wife is "just wonderful."

ence between love and passion. I find many American women do not know of this difference.

"Rossano has made love in films to Sophia Loren, Katharine Hepburn, June Allyson, so many beautiful women. Yet always he comes home to me. So long as a man comes home to his wife, it is that which counts."

"To a man every woman is more attractive than his wife, because she is something new. But when the newness is gone, he returns to his wife. Love, true love, is not only sparks flying. It is being together every day and being lonely when you are not."

"When Rossano was in New York last year, testing for 'South Pacific' (yes, he is going to do the movie), he spent 500 dollars (£A225) calling me long distance to Rome. I knew I was in Rossano's heart, his mind. Why else spend all that money?"

"I never question Rossano about what he does all day at the studio. If he wants to tell me, I listen pleasantly. If he doesn't, it is fine with me. We have no inquisitions."

Lydia pauses to flash a soft smile. "This is not to say that we don't quarrel. I have quarrelled with Rossano about many things, but never women. In 1952 he took all our money, everything we had, about 400,000 dollars. He invested it in some Italian movies. He lost everything. I was furious. But then I realised his motive. He was doing what he thought

was best for both of us. You cannot condemn a man for making a mistake."

"I have found here in America that some wives grow hostile when their husbands make a mistake. Only the other day I heard two wives talking. One said about her husband, 'If he can afford a new car, I can afford to spend 400 dollars for a new wardrobe.' She was punishing her husband's extravagance by doing the same thing herself."

"True understanding is the most glorious and the rarest quality in a marriage."

"Generally speaking," Lydia says, "I believe men are most sensitive, have much more ego and vanity than many women think. In all our years of marriage I have made it a point never to criticise Rossano."

"And yet in America, wives will say to husbands in front of every body,

'Stop making a fool of yourself,' or 'Sit down, you are being ridiculous,' or 'You are being a jerk.' This is unforgivable, I think. It is a sin to a man's ego."

"When I was a little girl I learned a small, simple poem. Translated into English it goes like this: 'A woman must be gentle. A woman must be gay. A woman must be laughter. Her husband never stray.'

"For 17 years," Lydia says positively, "this has worked for me. Bear it in mind, and it will work for you. Be gentle! Be gay!"

See film reviews on page 63



CONTENTED WIFE Lydia Brazzi posed for this picture in Hollywood while on a visit with her husband. When at home, she and Rossano live in a penthouse in Rome.

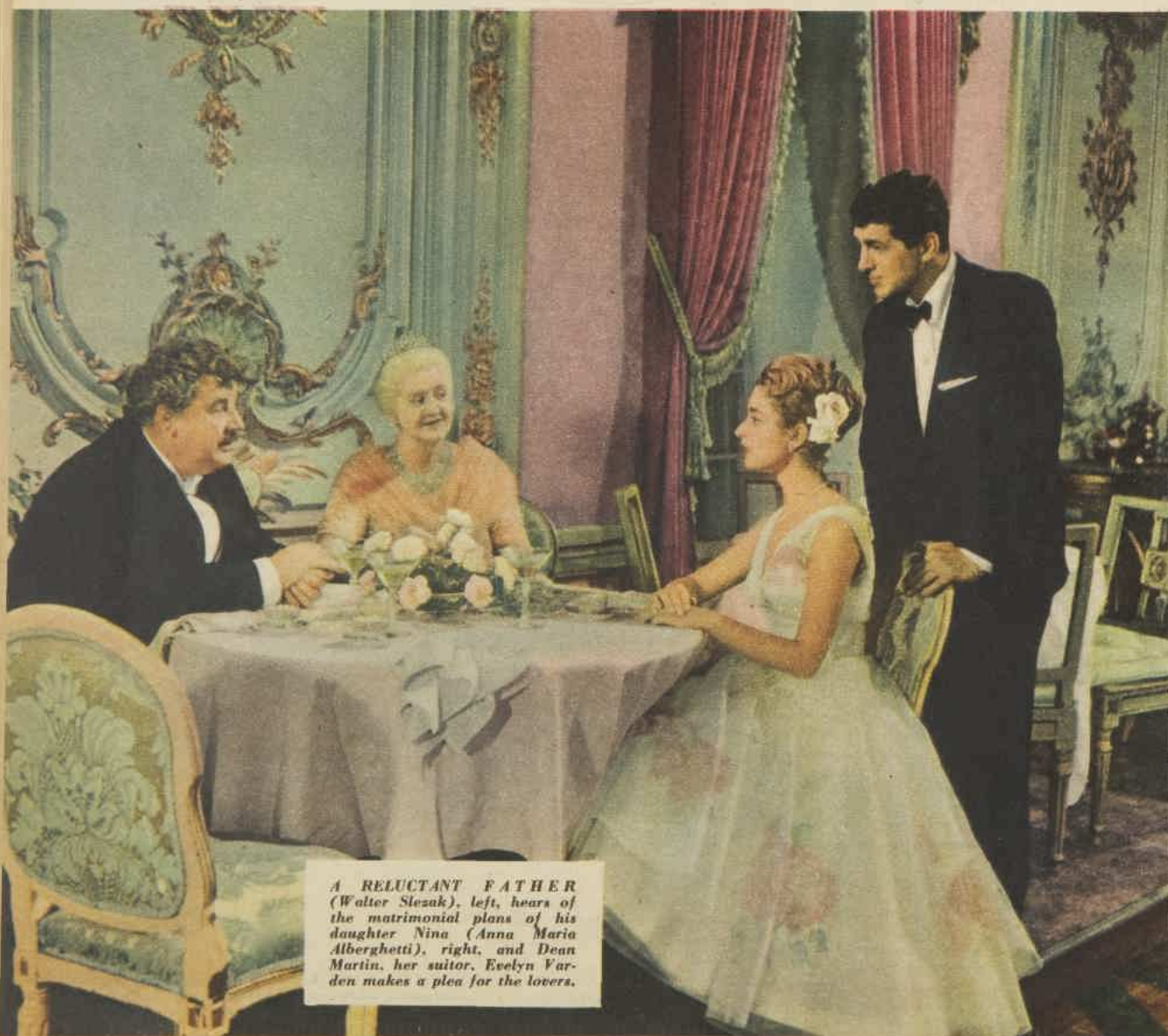
BACHELOR IN



ABOVE. The girl in the bed is blond and beautiful Monique Van Vooren, who plays a main feature role in Metro's romantic comedy "Ten Thousand Bedrooms."



ABOVE RIGHT. Papa, Walter Slezak, surveys his four lovely daughters. From the top of the stairs they are Eva Bartok, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Lisa Montell, and Lisa Gaye.



A RELUCTANT FATHER (Walter Slezak), left, hears of the matrimonial plans of his daughter Nina (Anna Maria Alberghetti), right, and Dean Martin, her suitor, Evelyn Varden makes a plea for the lovers.



ROMIE

★ There are girls, girls, girls all around singer Dean Martin as the wealthy hotelier and eligible bachelor, hero of "Ten Thousand Bedrooms" (Metro). It's a lavish romantic comedy about a businessman who comes to Rome to take over a posh hotel and is captured by the local youth and beauty. On these pages are some of the scenes and characters from the film.

Film Fan-Fare



LEFT. Glamor study of European actress Eva Bartok, who, as Maria, the eldest sister in the new film, shares a change-about romance with singer Dean Martin.

ABOVE. Dean Martin, lucky man, is seen here with two of his glamorous leading ladies. They are singer Anna Maria Alberghetti (left) and Eva Bartok.



THE NEW BOSS (Dean Martin, with hands in pockets) inspects the staff of the Rome hotel he has just added to his world-wide hotel chain in this scene from "Ten Thousand Bedrooms." Eva Bartok (centre) acts as an interpreter for Martin during all-round introductions, and Marcel Dalio is the frock-coated hotel manager.

**NOW! Cook eggs
exactly the way you
like them . . . the same
every time**



Sunbeam AUTOMATIC EGG BOILER & POACHER

Whether you like your eggs very soft, medium or hard, the Sunbeam Egg Boiler and Poacher automatically cooks them exactly the way you like them . . . every time. No more guesswork, no more watching! Simply pour in the specified amount of water, switch on and when the eggs are cooked . . . (click!) the thermostat tells you "breakfast is ready!"

Yours for a lifetime of easy-to-get breakfasts



Safer for Charm—

Safer for Skin—

Safer for Clothes

New MUM WITH LONG LASTING M3
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS
MU44E



1 GUNPLAY between Wes Tancred (Richard Egan), centre, and his friend Sam Murdock (Paul Richards) while on the run from a sheriff's posse is caused by Cathy (Angie Dickenson), Sam's predatory wife. Later, Cathy, who has been rebuffed by Wes, gets her revenge by telling the posse that he shot her husband in cold blood for the reward. Labelled the killer of his best friend and former Army buddy, Wes is placed in custody. When released by a pardon he aimlessly heads out West again.

Tension at Table Rock



2 WELCOME of Ed Barrows (Joe De Santis) and his son Jody (Billy Chapin) means a lot to Wes. He takes Jody under his wing after Ed is killed in a stage robbery.

★ A period Western in the gunslinger manner, "Tension at Table Rock" (R.K.O.) follows the adventures of Wes Tancred (Richard Egan), a good badman of the old days who is accused of murdering his own best friend.

In reality Wes is the victim of a frame-up. However, it requires all of his prowess with the six-gun to fight his way out of some of the perilous situations that arise out of the charge.

Dorothy Malone is the gal who is torn between conflicting loyalties.



3 ON THE WAY to Table Rock to leave Jody with Sheriff Fred and Lorna Miller (Cameron Mitchell and Dorothy Malone), Wes hears of plan to invade town.



4 SHOOTING of an unarmed farmer by Lerner, a trailherder, brings things to a head in the invaded town. To make it look like self-defence, someone slips a gun into the farmer's hand. Wes and the fearful Miller (centre) see the incident but say nothing.



5 NEWSPAPER-OWNER Jameson (Royal Dano), left, prints the truth, accusing Lerner of murder. The herders try to beat-up Jameson and Wes steps in. Lorna Miller, ashamed of her husband, turns toward Wes.



6 AT THE TRIAL Miller sets out to verify the false report of the shooting, but is turned back by Wes. This precipitates an all-out attack by hired killers, but the townsfolk step in to fight for order and save the day.



7 A HANDSHAKE by Wes and Fred Miller signals Table Rock's complete victory over violence as well as Miller's release from fear. Knowing that Lorna, Fred, and Jody can be happy together if only he's out of the way, Wes rides off to a new future.

MAKING A SPEECH AT A WEDDING

Continuing
LADY BEHAVE
By
ANNE EDWARDS
and
DRUSILLA BEYFUS

● Whether the speechmaker is unaccustomed to public speaking or not, most witticisms and funny anecdotes are unsuitable for such a romantic and sentimental occasion.

NOR is a wedding an occasion for a sophisticated after-dinner speaker. Tradition is part of the charm of the day and pervades the wedding speeches, too.

The job of each speechmaker has long been defined by custom. Two people are expected to speak at a formal wedding. Someone has to propose the health of the bride and groom, usually a godparent or an old friend of the family.

"I propose the health of Rosemary and Jim—to the bride and groom—may they live happily ever after" is the gist of what he is supposed to say.

The groom has to say thank you to the bride's parents for a wonderful wedding, and to say thank you to everyone for such lovely presents. The best man can, if he likes, reply, thanking the bridesmaids.

The perennial problem of saying a few words at a wedding is in finding a bright, new, suitable line of wit and humor befitting the occasion.

An added hazard for the speaker is that he is addressing an audience half of whom he knows nothing about and among whom will be a flock of shockable aunts and grannies.

The best advice to give those unused to public speaking who are inescapably faced with having to say a few words at a wedding is to keep it

short and sweet and to steer clear of long stories, no matter how treasured, which have little to do with the occasion.

If an original, brief, suitable speech will not come to mind, it is some compensation to know that the tried and tested wedding speech remarks go down just as well.

Whoever proposes the toast may say, once more, "May all your troubles be little ones . . ." "I've known Rosemary since she was six . . ." "I lost my heart to the bride on the day I bathed her nineteen years ago."

The groom is then called upon to answer along the I-know-I-am-a-very-lucky-man lines. He does not have to

... "None of the jokes I tried out last night on my bachelor friends seem suitable today . . ."

The best man is expected to congratulate the bridesmaids and say a word or two about the groom. Once again, if he is short of original material, he can rely on the time-honored remarks, which will probably go down a great deal better.

These include, "I intro-



duce a long speech, though, of course, he may if he is good at it.

He can count on people assuming he is tongue-tied with emotion and can get away with a single-sentence speech like, "Mary and I thank you very much for all your good wishes and wonderful presents."

He may repeat the well-known groom's cracks, "I would like specially to thank whoever gave us the rolling-pin . . ." "I was told to stand up, speak up, and shut up

duced the happy pair and I never imagined that when I invited Veronica along to make up a foursome that day it would lead to this . . ."

"The condemned man ate a hearty meal last night . . ." "I understand it is the best man's prerogative to kiss the bridesmaids, and I'd like to thank Mary and Jim for providing me with such a bevy of beauty . . ."

Mary is called upon to do nothing but look pretty and cast admiring glances at her groom.

Guest at a White Wedding

● Though you may not be one of the star characters at a formal wedding, there are many rules of etiquette you should observe.

At the church

AT a formal wedding, the ushers will ask you whether you are a friend of the bride or a friend of the groom, or whether you are a relative, and tell you where to sit. Otherwise guests sit where they please, bearing in mind that the front pews are reserved for relatives.

Since a wedding in church is both a gay and solemn affair, it can be a problem to know how gay or solemn to be. Most people we have noticed behave in a manner best described as restrained joviality.

Before the service starts and during the signing of the register, they smile and wave and talk in subdued tones. Clearly, if this is your first glimpse of Uncle Harry for ten years and he is sitting just in front, the obvious thing to do is to nudge him in the back and say, "Hello, how nice to see you—Is that the bride's mother?—What a lovely little church," without going in for a big gossip.

Since the wedding is so

much of a social occasion, the bride often invites to the wedding ceremony friends whose religious views differ from her own. In this case, these friends do not usually attend the church service, but if they do, they behave as the congregation behaves.

End of the service

AS the bride sails down the aisle the formal ceremony is over and the social part of the day begins. The people in the front pew are allowed to leave first, then the guests file out and on to the reception.

Reception and receiving line

GUESTS queue up to shake hands, and the form here is to give your name to the major-domo to announce—if there is one. Otherwise, just keep in line and shake hands, without slowing up this formality by stopping to chat.

The form is a quick handshake (with gloves on if you are a woman) or a kiss if you know them well enough, a brief remark, and on to the

banquet or buffet. In reply to all compliments about the wedding, mothers of brides tend to murmur on dementedly, "How sweet of you," "How sweet of you," and you should not press them further.

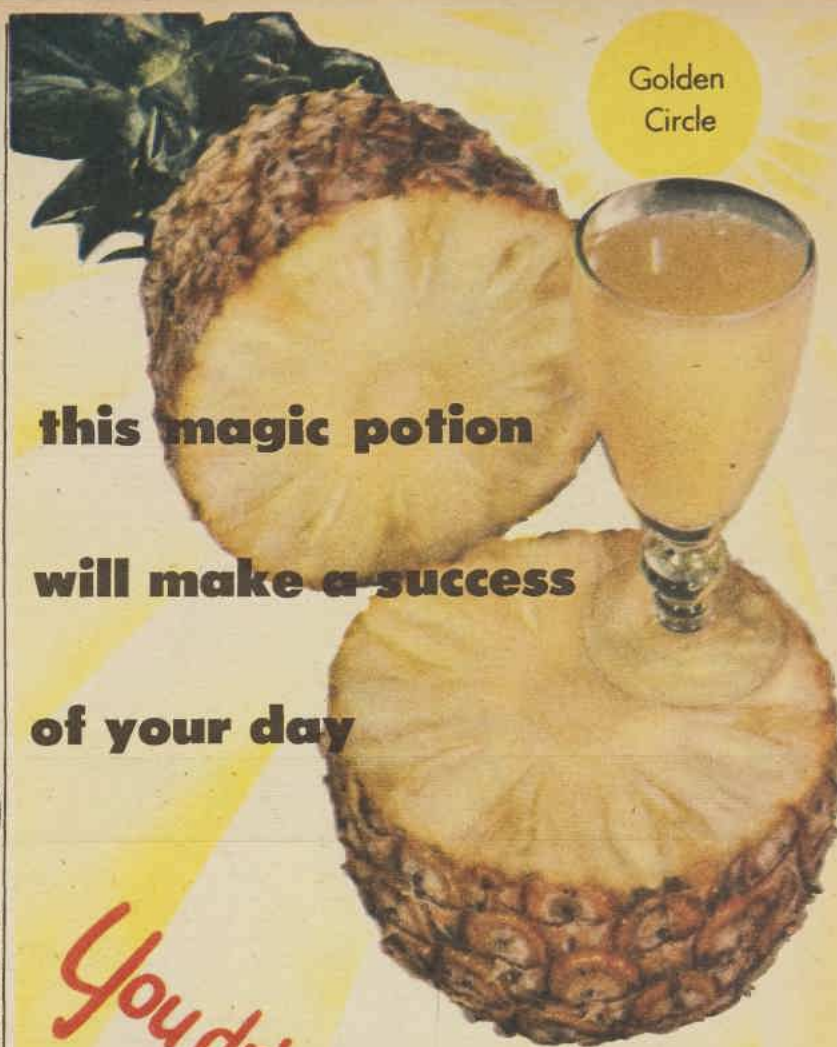
Unless it's a full banquet, people treat the occasion as a buffet party, helping themselves to food and drink if it is not brought round. Since there is rarely anyone to introduce guests, people wander up and introduce themselves, saying, "I'm the bride's sister-in-law," or "I'm the mother of the smallest bridesmaid."

Goodbyes

THE party breaks up after the bride and groom have left on their honeymoon. This is usually a low moment for the mothers of the day, and guests are not expected to seek them out and say their thank-yous unless their hostess posts herself at the door.

Far better to fade away quietly, leaving the hosts of the occasion at least one bottle of something to cheer them.

NEXT WEEK:
Table Routine for
Formal Dinners



this magic potion

will make a success

of your day

You drink it for breakfast



Wizard sunshine brews it—to take you in triumph through the tasks of the day, with vitality to spare for leisure and pleasure! You can be the vivacious mother of a radiant family—when you set each day's breakfast table with golden glasses of the priceless minerals, valuable vitamins, and sun-brewed energy of Golden Circle Pineapple Juice. Golden Circle serves it 100% pure, and fresh from the plantations in sparkling bottles and the economical 20oz. can for family-at-home refreshment. Serve it cool, serve it often, for health and pure enjoyment!

Pineapple Juice for thirsty kiddies!
Rich in Vitamin C, this 100% pure juice actually helps teeth!

Golden Circle
PINEAPPLE JUICE



Enjoy sun-sweet Golden Circle Canned Pineapples—and Tropical Fruit Salad too—at all stores.

A PRODUCT OF THE C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE

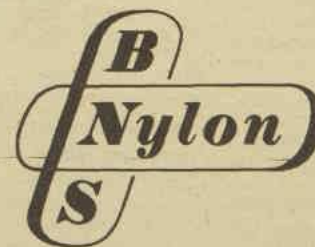


100%
pure



Nowadays for Winter, brushed nylon night attire
is definitely the right attire

Do you remember the dreary slumber numbers of yesteryear? Just a memory since brushed nylon arrived. Warm? Gorgeously so. Soft? As a baby kitten. Beautiful? The stuff that dreams are made of. Anything more? Yes, lots. For chilly weather wear, brushed nylon nightgowns and pyjamas are as practical as they are beautiful. They're lighter, easier to wash, easier to dry (hours not days), need no ironing and last years longer. To take the chill from winter nights, wear brushed nylon slumber wear—you'll sleep beautifully.



British Nylon Spinners Ltd. Pontypool, Monmouthshire—Suppliers of nylon yarn and nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

FIRST WINNERS IN NEW COMPETITION

● First prize of £10 in our fascinating new contest, "Strange but True," has been won by Mr. E. Lewis, 68 Lizzie St., Bardon, Queensland, with a story of amazing coincidence. Two other entries have been awarded £2 each.

HERE is Mr. Lewis' winning story:

"When my father told me of his intention to migrate to Australia I was really excited, but first someone would have to nominate us. The question was who?"

"Somewhere in Australia my father had two relatives. If only we could contact them we knew that most of our difficulties would be over. So my father wrote to the Australian police, with negative results.

"Then he advertised in a Victorian newspaper with a large circulation, but as the months went by our hopes began to fade.

"Forty years had passed since the relatives had migrated to Australia, and in that time they may have travelled to another country, or perhaps they were no longer alive.

"Then came the exciting surprise. A letter arrived from Australia telling us that not only were my father's relatives very much alive but they had seen the newspaper advertisement and had replied immediately.

"Nothing so very strange about that, but after we arrived in Australia a few

years later we heard of the coincidence attached to the story.

"They had all gone for a picnic, and during the outing bought some fruit. The fruit was wrapped in an old newspaper, and when they opened it there was my father's advertisement staring back at them."

● Prize of £2 was awarded to Mrs. L. Haworth, Marah St., North Wagga Wagga, N.S.W., who sent in this delightful entry:

"YEARS ago I took my small daughter to see the film based on Maeterlinck's 'The Blue Bird.'"

"It made a great impression on my little girl, and she was anxious to know if the Blue Bird of Happiness lived in our backyard, too.

"Still talking about the film when we arrived home, I went through the house to open the back door.

"Imagine my astonishment when the first thing I saw was a blue budgerigar sitting right at my feet. I was amazed, and it was some seconds before I called my little girl to come and see it.

"I stooped to pick up the bird, but it just walked ahead of me down the path.

"We had no idea who could own it, but after we had had

tea, two boys who had heard that it was in our garden came to collect it.

"This is the strangest coincidence that has ever happened to me personally, and I shall never forget it.

"As for my children, they know beyond all shadow of doubt that the Blue Bird of Happiness can be found in one's own backyard."

● Another £2 prize was awarded to Mrs. A. M. Waterworth, 271 Springvale Road, Forest Hill, Victoria, for this intriguing story:

"WHILE my husband and I were on a trip to England to see his relatives, we visited some falls in Cumberland. Walking towards the falls we met another couple who, when we spoke, got the idea we were Americans.

"We said, 'No. We are Australians.'

"The man said, 'We have just been seeing off to Australia a very great friend of ours.'

"On asking him the State to which his friend was going, he said, 'To Tasmania...'

"Further conversation revealed that the man they had farewelled was to occupy our house in Launceston, which we had let through an agent, and he had been sent by his firm to take up a position in Tasmania for about two years."

HOW TO ENTER

Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not previously have been published. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, including the State, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned, nor any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

'Dog Talk' Contest No. 17

● The cocker spaniel pictured at right is the last in our "Dog Talk" Contest series.

THE spaniel is the 17th in the series and prizemoney of £100 will be awarded for bright captions to describe what you think the dog is saying.

Prizemoney is made up of one award of £50, three of £10, three of £5, and five of £1.

Results of "Dog Talk" Contest No. 17 will be announced in our issue dated April 17.

First prize in "Dog Talk" Contest No. 14 was won by Mrs. R. M. Luson, 54 Sargood St., Hampton, Vic.

Her entry was: "I've finished the lawn, dear."

£10 prizes to:

Mrs. P. Rollinson, M/R 352, Eimeo Rd., Mackay, Qld. "I came as quickly as I could. Where's the patient?"

Mrs. L. J. Clifford, 5 Arthur St., North Hobart, Tas.



"I've finished the lawn, dear."

"Sorry to be late, sir, but the bus broke down."

Mrs. E. K. Campi, 48 Melrose St., Parkdale S.12, Vic.

"Now be REASONABLE Delilah, you know my strength is in my hair."

£5 prizes to: Mrs. M. Ditchfield, 6 Arrowfield Ave., Burwood, N.S.W.

"My dear, I used to be able to sit on it."

Mrs. D. R. Jiggins, Box 223, P.O., Griffith, N.S.W.

"I love these bargain sales."

Mrs. G. M. Ramsay, Birregurra, Vic.

"Are you quite sure you want all the furniture moved back to its original position?"

£1 prizes to: Miss Mary Timms, Harston, via Tatura, Vic.

"I've got a job licking stamps at the office."

Mrs. S. W. Mackay, 9 Eleventh Ave., St. Peters, S.A.

"The girls at the office say it makes me look ten years younger."

Mrs. K. Thompson, 4 Con-tay St., Mayfield, N.S.W.

"Yes, Mr. Jones... yes, sir... yes, sir... yes, sir."

Mrs. G. Bowman, 28 Goodman Court, Pleasant Ave., South Plympton, S.A.

"Why do they call me King Lear?"

Mrs. M. M. McKinnon, 59 Balmoral St., Hawthorne, Qld.

"I heard you were casting for Lady Godiva."



"Dog Talk" No. 17

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the same competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon at right.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Dog Talk," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Dog Talk" Contest No. 17 will close on APRIL 1. Winners will be announced in our APRIL 17 issue.

5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON

The Australian Women's Weekly "Dog Talk" Contest No. 17. March 27, 1957.



P.A.19. A classical "Popular Arosa" twinset of enduring quality and unmistakable Arosa styling. This is an all-purpose set for women with fashion sense—and an eye for economy!

LOVELY AROSA KNITWEAR is styled on the latest trends from the fashion centres of the world. Australia's finest knitted garments bear the name AROSA—and they're loomed from the softest super merino yarns.

"You're lovelier in Arosa"

arosa

Such clever Knitwear!

Write in now for the attractively illustrated 1957 Arosa Fashion Booklet. It's FREE!

M. A. & C. J. ANSETT PTY. LTD.

597 Canterbury Road, Surrey Hills, Victoria.



Keep up that steady sip, sip, sip

of Bonnington's Irish Moss.

That's the fastest way to sweep

dangerous congestion right out

of your system... and put

a quick end to the worst cold

or 'flu attack.

Bonnington's Irish Moss.

3/6 everywhere.

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY



Your complexion comes alive . . . you are lovelier with

Revlon's 'Touch-and-Glow'

Revlon's 'Touch-and-Glow' actually transforms the appearance of your skin the minute you smooth it on.

Covers tired lines and shadows, restores your natural skin tones . . . gives your face the dewy, flawless look of a very young complexion. *Never masky, never drying*, 'Touch-and-Glow' contains skin-softening Lanolite . . .

with 'Touch-and-Glow' . . . even kissing close . . . only the flattery will show!

SPECIAL PRIVILEGE OFFER TO THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY READERS

Hurry! Send now for your sample of these two wonderful Revlon Products! The elegant pack—exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly readers—has been designed to stand on your dressing table, and features a lovely, ivory-toned, fluted miniature lipstick holder containing *Misty Coral* . . . a soft creamy red, perfect for a teenager's first lipstick, muted enough for the white and grey haired. It's America's largest selling lipstick. With it comes a miniature jar of Cream Beige "Touch-and-Glow." They're Revlon's exclusive offer to you . . . the readers of The Australian Women's Weekly.



NEW, FEMININE MAKE-UP IS A "NATURAL"

Your skin can have a fresher beauty

The key to the natural look, a beauty trend that is coloring the whole make-up scene at present, is a well-chosen liquid base for the complexion.

IDEALLY, this preparation should be perfect for the skin tone as well as for its texture. It should also have an easy "spread" quality for speedy use. But more about this in a moment.

America, the source of so many fashionable ideas, is behind this back-to-nature swing in beauty with its new and different pattern of make-up.

This new beauty look has been designed to spice the fashion theme by giving

nature a pretty boost and to put individuality back into the hands of those who prefer it.

It links a deliciously fresh complexion with emphasised eyes and bright red lips in the most fetching way imaginable.

There are no layers of heavy cosmetic to clog the pores of the skin or dull its real color, or give that "stockpile" effect that men dislike so much.

Instead, there is just a healthy bloom all over the face and no made-up look at all.

To put everyone in the current picture, Revlon, a firm always associated with fine beauty products, is making a special offer of a practical little beauty set of "Touch-and-Glow" liquid make-up and a pretty non-smear lipstick.

These two preparations, chosen by them as the nucleus of the natural look in make-up, are available to you in a neat package that

costs only 2/-, including packaging and postage.

Both samples provide a generous amount of cosmetic, enough to last for several days at least.

Discriminating women know that every skin, be it young, middling, or mature, needs a good make-up base. They also know "Touch-and-Glow" as a fine, all-purpose preparation that gives the skin a wonderfully soft finish.

For this special offer Revlon has chosen the Cream Beige shade because it is a color that almost everybody can wear and enjoy.

Besides imparting a becoming bloom to the complexion, "Touch-and-Glow" is actually beneficial to skin of every type and age.

As well, it has an amazing way of flattering skins that are not quite as perfect as they should be.

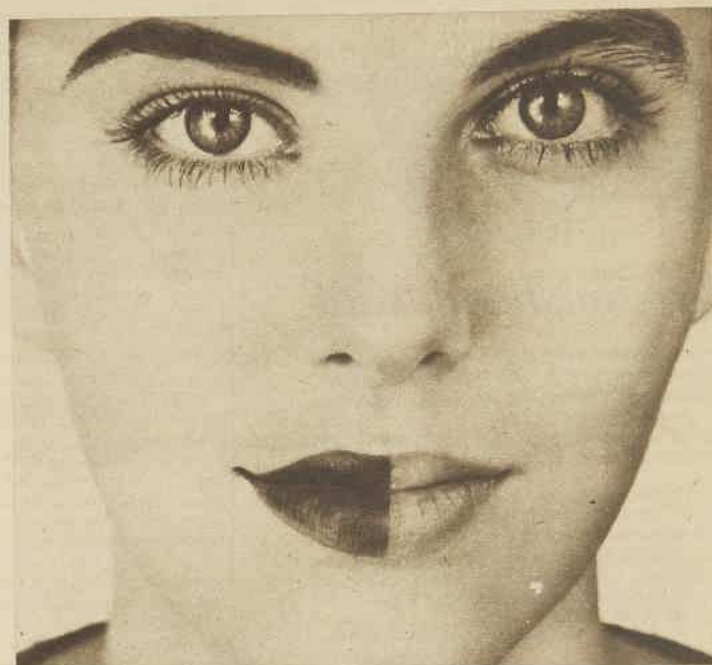
Indeed, as a camouflage for small skin discolorations, for blemishes, bothersome freckles, the tail-end of suntan, or even



LIPS can be encouraged to look fuller or more symmetrical. Make a careful outline of the mouth, then fill in. Use a lip brush for a clean, becoming line.



COVER UP skin imperfections with a second thin layer of liquid make-up. Just to show you how it's done, the model is wearing more foundation than is really necessary.



A PRETTY TRICK in which the left side of the face is made up, and the opposite side is not, shows how warmly tinted liquid make-up gives a smoother finish to even a good young skin. When you do your eyes and lips follow the suggestions given below.

for the occasional wrinkle, it is really excellent.

"Misty Coral" is the lustrous, non-drying lipstick that makes up the set. In toning it is a golden-red with a hint of pink to it, a color that shows up beautifully against the Cream Beige make-up.

Remember, when you have finished using this special beauty set, which is exclusive through The Australian Women's Weekly, you can buy "Touch-and-Glow" in its regular Revlon sizes at chemists and stores, price 12/9, in a choice of natural and seven lovely shades.

The full-size Revlon lipstick in a brilliant range of colors to flatter every taste and coloring is available at 12/9 complete and 8/3 for refills.

To get the prettiest effect from the make-up, you may need rouge and face-powder, though it gives a soft matt finish with or without powder. Do have eye materials on hand for a final touch.

Now, start with a skin that is clean as a whistle and do your face-making this way:

• Take a tiny dab of the

liquid make-up on the fingertip after shaking the bottle briskly, and blend it carefully and VERY THINLY over one area of the face at a time. Use the smallest amount that will cover the skin and spread in this way until you achieve a fine, even film all over.

NOTE: Keep wiping the excess off your fingers with tissue as you blend. This way you never get too much on.

• Rouge comes next, if needed. Don't fall into the error of using either too much rouge or too little. If you are unsure where to place it, keep the color high on each cheek away from the nose, and shade off lightly to the hairline.

• Use brown eyebrow pencil unless your brows and hair are really black. Pencil pale brows with feather strokes and shadow the upper lids away from the nose. Draw a light line behind upper lashes and touch them lightly with mascara.

• Powder to give an illusion of lovelier texture to your skin, starting at the chin and powdering thickly up to the brow. Then remove all the excess with a brush or cotton-wool

until only the thinnest layer remains.

• Lips may have to be reshaped with a lip brush to get the look you want. Always start with a clear defined outline of the mouth, then fill it in. Lips take longer this way, but the color lasts longer.

It's a comfort to know that "Touch-and-Glow" will diminish the bits of color that pop up on the complexion by blending them into one becoming tone.

The secret is to carefully apply a second thin layer of liquid make-up over the area that is freckled or blemished, as shown in the illustration on the left.

Don't make the mistake of loading the skin with make-up in order to achieve this. On the contrary, it must, like all make-up tricks, be done deftly unless you want an artificial mask-like finish.

HOW TO GET YOUR OFFER

To obtain one of these special privilege offers, fill in your name and address in clear block letters on the coupon below, cut it out, and mail it to Box 7062, G.P.O., Sydney, enclosing a postal note to the value of 2/-.

THIS OFFER EXPIRES ON MAY 24, 1957
SAMPLES CANNOT BE SENT AFTER THAT DATE

Cut out this coupon
and send with
postal note for 2/-

ORDER FORM		ADDRESS LABEL	
REVLOL OFFER. BOX 7062, G.P.O., SYDNEY. Please send a trial size REVLOL SAMPLE. I enclose 2/- postal note to cover cost and postage.		REVLOL SAMPLE	
Name (Block letters)		Name (Block letters)	
Address State		Address State	
If undelivered, return to Box 7062, G.P.O., Sydney.		If undelivered, return to Box 7062, G.P.O., Sydney.	



My husband said

When we were married, my husband opened a cheque account for me with his Bank — the Bank of New South Wales. He said I would find that a cheque-book is as great a "labour-saving device" as any of the modern appliances in our new home.

I soon learned what he meant. Paying by cheque simplifies my housekeeping enormously and saves me hours of time — no running around and waiting to pay accounts, no worry about losing large sums of money, and always a handy record of expenditure on my cheque books.

And I do like the friendly and efficient service at the "Wales".

You, too, should have a

**BANK OF
NEW SOUTH WALES**

Cheque Account

★ Enquire at any branch of the
BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES

FIRST AND LARGEST TRADING BANK IN AUSTRALIA
(INCORPORATED IN NEW SOUTH WALES WITH LIMITED LIABILITY)

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Curlon — the new All-Year-
Round wonder fabric
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Finlaw
Curlon never
shrinks, stretches
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scientifically
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for warmth

Beware of imitations

Ask for Curlon, spelt C-U-R-L-O-N
in glorious new styles and colours

Guaranteed by **FINLAW MILLS**

28 Derby Street, Collingwood, Melbourne

Worth Reporting

IN one of our editorials recently, we asked for suggestions for a name for the proposed Sydney opera house on Benelong Point.

Readers in all States have sent in suggestions—some in all seriousness and others, we trust, with tongue in cheek.

Here are some of the ideas: Melody Mansion, Sirius Gleam, The Harborage Auditorium, Harmony Hall, The Corroboree, and White Sails Opera House.

Those are the most unusual of the suggestions.

"The Royal Sydney Opera House" appeals to a vast number of people. Their feelings are best expressed by C. Coleman, of Chatswood, N.S.W., who writes, "No other name suggested in the papers even compares with this suggestion of Mr. Hugh Hunt."

Mrs. E. M. Norris, of Newborough, Victoria, suggests "The Great Austral Opera House," and Mrs. F. M. Dearling, of North Bondi, N.S.W., "The Melba Opera House."

Mr. Jack Brawn, of Sydney, writes: "I suggest National Opera House as the main title for the group of buildings; Queen's Hall or Melba Hall for the auditorium; and Princess Theatre for the theatre."

"Somebody," he continued, "suggested the name 'pavilion' for the overall group of buildings, but this is reminiscent of the dog, cat, or pig pavilion at the Easter Show."

Art for sale at 4½d.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD French boy is probably the youngest artist to exhibit his drawings for sale in Australia.

Phillippe Mora likes drawing, and was short of pocket-money, so he "borrowed" a show window in the front of the building in Melbourne's busy Collins Street, where his parents have a flat.

He soon sold out, at 4½d. a picture, and began working overtime to meet the public demand.

Except for perhaps a little more detail, his popular drawings and paintings are typical of any done by a seven-year-old.

His parents, artists themselves, encourage him so enthusiastically with his work that the walls of their flat are covered in clowns' faces, totem poles, and other drawings that spring from a vivid juvenile imagination.

"We never stop him if he feels like painting on the walls," his tiny French mother told us. "It is bad to deter an artist."

But the serious, dark-eyed child, who also sculpts and writes stories, wants to be a clown when he grows up.

His mother pointed to the corner of her living-room that was blocked off with a construction of split packing-cases.

"That is his dressing-room, where he transforms his face into perhaps a dozen different images during one day," she said with a smile.



SIX K.L.M. officials were recently initiated into the *Confrerie de la Chaine des Rotisseurs*, an exclusive fraternity of gourmets, whose members include Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, the Aga Khan, and the British and French ambassadors in the Netherlands.

K.L.M. is the first airline to be admitted to the ranks of this gastronomic society, which was founded in 1248.

The initiation ceremony took place during a flight over the Netherlands, and was carried out in accordance with age-old ritual. The Grand Master of the Fraternity is Dr. Ch. Guebel, President of the Brillat-Savarin Academy of Gastronomy.

Heirlooms of tomorrow

"DON'T stock your trousseaux with tablecloths and mats until you have chosen your dinner sets, girls," advises Englishman Mr. H. J. Nangle, director of a leading British crockery manufacturing firm, who recently visited Australia with a collection of the latest in tableware fashions.

"Fashionable tablecloths and mats today are colored," he explains, "so when a girl has decided on her dinnerware she can buy cloths and mats in the colorings which will best set it off."

Mr. Nangle's firm conducts frequent surveys to find out current preferences in dinnerware among young American women, whose tastes in crockery, he finds, are parallel with the wants of British and Australian women.

The latest collection of contemporary ware is the result of such a survey.

It revealed that smooth, simple shapes, solid color rather than thin lines, and scrolls and abstract centre designs or delicate floral sprays on one side of the plates were popularly wanted in crockery.

Teal-blue, greys, and most other mid-pastel shades are the current vogue, "because they blend in with modern home decor."

"We regard 'contemporary' as being the best of our time," Mr. Nangle added, "and we feel that if our contemporary is good enough it will in time become the heirlooms of tomorrow."

SIGN displayed on the lot of a Sydney used-car dealer, situated on a busy tram route to the city, reads:

"Get off that tram. You'll never own it!"

Family on the move

AN auburn-haired, 64-year-old grandmother will travel 12,000 miles with 11 members of her family to join 23 other members of her family already in Australia.

She is slender Mrs. Violet Blackwell, who is only 4ft. 11in. tall.

In her home in Walthamstow, London, she said: "I must have all my family round me," and persuaded her 65-year-old husband, Arthur, and her sons, daughter, and grandchildren to make the trip.

The other 23 members of the Blackwell clan are already in Manjimup, Western Australia. During World War II, John, the second eldest of the 10 Blackwell children, spent a short leave in Manjimup. Nine years ago he brought out his wife and two children.

Since then there has been a steady emigration of Blackwells to Australia.

The London Blackwells will arrive in Fremantle in early May. Leaving with grandparents Violet and Arthur will be two unmarried sons, Ron and Leslie, one unmarried daughter, Violet, and another son, William, with his wife, Elsie, and their five children.

One member of the Blackwell family will stay behind. He is Fred, a postman, who will look after the family home.

The Blackwells are leaving most of their furniture and household goods with Fred. But they are bringing their family treasure—a battered, wooden Chinese Buddha, brought home nearly 20 years ago by sailor son John—originator of the Australian emigration.

"Our Buddha has been guardian of our home, our little garden of Eden, ever since John first bought it," said grandmother Violet. "Now it will look after us all in Australia."

★ ★ ★
THERE'S no longer any need to go north to obtain real aboriginal curios. A Sydney city store now has a souvenir bar stocked with native handicrafts from the Groote Eylandt Mission, Oenpelli Mission, Rose River Mission, and the Roper River Mission—all in Arnhem Land, Northern Territory.

Bullroarers, didgeridoos, tapping sticks, spearheads, woomeras, firesticks, miniature native canoes, bark paintings, pandanus mats and baskets, and wood carvings are among the range of curios available.

★ ★ ★
EVERY day new words are being added to the Australian language.

The latest we saw on a sign about 100 miles up on the Main North Road in South Australia was "Diesoleum"—a place where diesel oil is sold.



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She was no beauty and yet she had
the power to bewitch a man

The Enchantress

By ELIZABETH RICHARDS

HUGO BERNSTEIN said crossly, "Look at that! Who's going to believe your father painted that?" I looked. The signature was there—Richard Trewinter, 1922—and it was a simple enough landscape, a sweep of sky, a cliff-top starred with gorse, a single twisted tree. "Well," I said defensively, "why shouldn't it be his? It looks very good."

Hugo looked at me with tired affection. "You don't know a thing about painting, do you, Katie?" he said. "That's just the point. It's too good. It's a little miracle. Richard couldn't have done it. Not in 1922."

"Listen, Hugo," I said, "I know father's reputation has reached an all-time low with the critics who matter, or who think they matter. He was slick, and polished, and he was all technique. A high-powered guinea-earner, in fact. But you're putting on the exhibition. You at least ought to know he was more than that."

Hugo prowled to and fro in front of the canvas. "I'll tell you honestly, Katie," he said. "In my opinion, everything Richard did of any value was done roughly before 1910. After that—phut!" He grimaced expressively. "And now this comes along. In the 'twenties, when he was well settled in as a successful portrait painter."

"You said that in a nasty, sneery way," I said, "which I resent. A lot of people still think his stuff is good."

"There will always be a demand for the glossy eye-ful, my dear Katie," Hugo swung round and took my hand. "Don't be annoyed," he said. "I was fond of Richard, and I respect your loyalty to his memory, but even you must see the difference between this, say, and this."

He pointed first to a small canvas—a girl sitting at a cafe table under a sunshade—and then to the famous portrait of the Countess of Dorly, apparently wearing the entire contents of the family safe deposit. I saw what he meant, of course. I'm not so dumb about pictures as Hugo imagines. One painting was alive—immature, but alive. The other was quite, quite dead.

"The Countess of Dorly represents a year of my school fees, and the butcher's bill and quite a bit towards Mother's sable coat," I said slowly. "It's understandable, isn't it?"

Hugo shrugged. He took a letter from the pocket of the detestable velvet jacket that he affects, and said, "Who is this Judith Andrews? Have you ever heard of her?"

I shook my head. "She sent the landscape," said Hugo. "An old friend of your father's, perhaps?" He handed me the letter. It began: "Dear Mr. Bernstein, I am sending you this little picture by the late Richard Trewinter, partly because he liked it very much and partly because it grieves me to think how sadly unappreciated his work is becoming. I know this is a good picture—a wonderful picture. I wish I could send the other works in my possession, but I do not think the time has yet come for them to be given to the world. This is not the selfishness of an elderly woman . . . There are reasons. Believe me, yours sincerely, Judith Andrews."

The address was a small town in Scotland. I didn't recognise it, but I remembered the neat, precise handwriting. "How very extraordinary," I said slowly.

"You know her?"

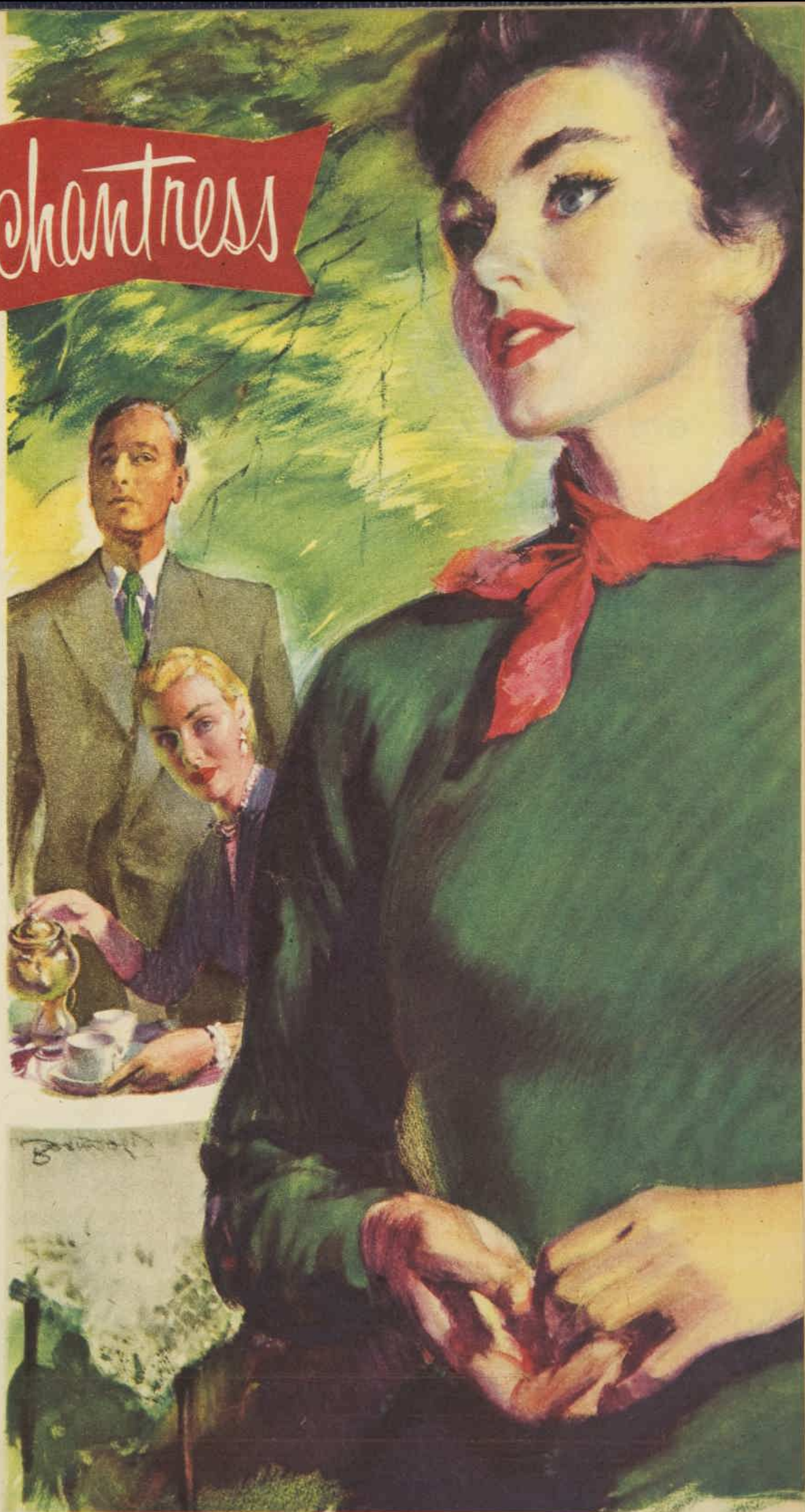
"Yes. A long time ago we knew her very well. She was my schoolteacher. She was an old friend of my mother's, too, when they were at school together."

Hugo said fretfully: "Those pictures . . . If they're anything like this one it's criminal of her to hold on to them. Look, Katie, what about you going up to see her? Plead with her. Last living relative of the artist and all that. Will you?"

Some deep, inner reluctance made me refuse vehemently. I didn't want to see Miss Andrews. I seemed to know subconsciously that if I did a curtain that my mind had deliberately drawn over the past would be lifted, and something vaguely unpleasant would have to be faced. But that was absurd. I remembered that I had had quite a crush on Miss

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The day Miss Andrews came to tea mother received her most gracefully and father was obviously interested in what she had to say.



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JONATHAN CRAIG, who leaves England to escape the attentions of youthful HILARY PRESCOTT, is unexpectedly involved in a strange adventure while on a motor tour of France when he stops to give a lift to pretty French girl MARIANNE BECHER. She is being pursued by JOHANN EISINGER, who tells Hilary, on the track of Jonathan, and whom he meets at a cafe, that his fiancée, Marianne, is being given a lift into Colmar by Jonathan. Following in Hilary's car, Eisinger produces a gun, conceals himself, and orders Hilary to wave naturally as they pass.

Directing her to pull up at a ramshackle cafe-bar, Eisinger orders Hilary inside, and, locking her in an upstairs room, returns to the road

to watch for Jonathan and Marianne. When they stop at the garage for petrol, Jonathan goes to look for an attendant, and Eisinger forces Marianne to change over to Hilary's car.

Learning Marianne has driven off in a car like Hilary's, but that Hilary was not driving it, Jonathan telephones the police.

Unnoticed by Eisinger, Marianne manages to hide a thick card in the lining of Hilary's car. Back at the cafe-bar Eisinger locks Marianne in a room and goes to release Hilary, who gladly drives off. He is unable to force Marianne to say what she has done with the card, and after an angry scene he lets her escape, in the hope she will lead him to the document he is desperate to recover. NOW READ ON.

A lift into COLMAR

JONATHAN drove his old car to a rattling and protesting seventy on the best stretches of the road into Colmar, and held it as near to that speed as he could for the remainder of the way.

The approach to the town by the Rue d'Ingersheim slowed him down to a more orthodox speed, shutting him in almost suddenly between its hot white houses and apartment blocks and shops, shuttered against the sun. He had to stop by the Musee and ask his way to the main police station, and then to puzzle out his instructions in a town by no means well known to him.

For a moment its Gothic beauties made no impression upon his eye or his mind, he wanted only to get to the police and find out if the red sports car had been picked up yet, and, most of all, if Marianne had been picked up intact with it. Compared with that urgency, he found it hard even to care whether Eisinger had been captured with her.

He had no more than mentioned his name when he was whisked immediately through the big charge-room away down a corridor to an inner office, and the presence of a middle-aged inspector who was at that moment conversing with two of his subordinates, in high satisfaction, apparently, about the stolen car.

They welcomed him with pleasure, so that his heart leapt with excitement, and he imagined himself again face to face with Marianne in a matter of moments.

"Ah, Monsieur Craig, in good time! Your friend's car has been reported only a few minutes ago. It was picked up at one of the crossings on the Avenue de la Republique, after ignoring orders to stop at two previous points. They are bringing it in now. If you will take a seat we should have something of interest for you."

"And the girl?" asked Jonathan, drawing a great breath of relief and joy.

"The girl would seem to be now driving it, and she has no passengers."

"There was no one with her in the car?" Jonathan was surprised and uneasy, it did not fit in with any of his ideas. Could Eisinger have obtained from her so quickly whatever it was he wanted? Then abandoned



her to answer whatever questions might be asked about Hilary?

It grew more and more complicated the more Jonathan thought about it. He sat down dubiously, watching the Inspector's face with anxiety.

"No one. About this girl, Monsieur Craig, you were not informative—perhaps you could not be. Had you any reason to think she is not known to Miss Prescott? Or perhaps the man, her companion? It was, of course, correct to notify the matter, but—" the Inspector paused.

Explanations were precisely what Jonathan did not want to give until he had seen Marianne again; but he was saved from having to decide how much or how little to know by the arrival of a young and ingenuous policeman who came bustling in to announce, with modest triumph, the arrival of the disputed car and its driver.

"She is in the charge-room? No matter as yet for the forms, it is not yet clear if there will be any charge. Bring her in here."

In a moment there entered, in a royal rage and a sparkle of fiery tears, Miss Hilary Prescott. The tears were of purest fury, and every word of her school French had treacherously deserted her.

She erupted in English, like an overturned fountain. In the middle of her explosion she saw Jonathan standing by the desk, staring at her with eyes and mouth

wide open in such a confusion of consternation, relief, and bitter disappointment even English abandoned her.

She gave a tearful squeak of "Jonathan!" and flung herself into his arms, hanging round his neck and sobbing with fury.

"Hilary! How did you get here? I thought," Jonathan changed his mind, "we saw him, that fellow, driving your car, and no sign of you. I reported it stolen, I was afraid something had happened to you."

"It did happen!" The words came cascading out. "All kinds of things have happened. I've been threatened with a gun, and locked up, and the car taken away, and—and now these silly idiots tried to say I'd stolen it myself!"

"I tried to tell him," she said, trembling with frustration, "that I was coming to the police myself, but I couldn't remember a single word of French." She looked from the Inspector, who was concealing something suspiciously like a smile, to the young officer, who was scarlet to the hair, and stammering excuses.

"We lost any amount of time because he had to wait for a relief before we came here, and if he'd let me I should have come straight to the police, anyway, but he wouldn't believe me!"

"You didn't think to tell him your name?" asked Jonathan. "Or show your passport?"

"I didn't think my name would mean anything to him. Why should it? I never thought about my passport. All he kept saying was that it was a stolen car, and I couldn't make him understand." Hilary came to a frustrated stop.

"Forgive me!" said the Inspector. "I have a little English, enough to have concluded

by now that this is indeed Miss Prescott herself, driving her own car in all innocence. It is very certain this lady has not red hair—it is evident that I should have sent out my general warning in more detail, but I was in some haste." He turned to Hilary.

"Miss Prescott, I must regret that you have been subjected to such annoyance, but I beg you won't hold it against Clement, who was only doing his duty. It was a matter of urgency. We circulated immediately the number and description of the car, with orders to pick it up on sight."

"And the interval, you will allow," he said, seeing the first unwilling spark of a smile moderate the indignation of her small, flushed face, "has been short for such a reversal."

"More than ever, Miss Prescott, we want and need you, for it's plain you must know more of what has been going on than any of the rest of us and it seems to me that there is more in it than the temporary misappropriation of a car. Come, now, sit down here, and tell us all about it."

"I'll go out and get you a drink," offered Jonathan as she sat down.

"No need to disturb yourself," the Inspector said. "You should hear what has happened. Clement, be so kind! You would like coffee, Miss Prescott?"

Her eye gleamed at the thought.

"Do you know, I haven't had any lunch! I had some beer and a snack at the pass, but I never stopped again, because of meeting that man. Could I have some sandwiches, too?"

She had forgiven Clement for accusing her of stealing her own car, because of his youth and his blushing unhappiness. She

smiled at him, paying for her coffee in advance. Then with fierce composure she launched into her story.

"I was supposed to be driving after Jonathan over the pass, and I missed him at Le Bonhomme. We used to duck each other by taking odd roads, and the game was to beat each other to the next point—which in this case was Colmar."

She cast a deprecating glance at Jonathan, pleading indulgence for this single piece of deception, and blushed faintly. But the rest of the story was direct enough, and told with remarkable vigor and economy.

"Then the man came and let me out," Hilary concluded, frowning at the memory over her coffee, "and apologised very prettily, and couldn't have been more pleasant and plausible."

"He was very keen to give the impression that everything was all right, and they'd just been making use of me as an extra in a highly personal comedy. He showed me the gun was empty, and went out of his way to ask me not to come to the police, not even to seem anxious about it, but that was what he wanted, all the same. And, after all, I did see her kiss him."

She looked up suddenly at Jonathan. He was frowning down at his fingers, which drummed softly and rather feverishly upon the table, as though trying to provide a slight counter-irritant to some very painful

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"Jonathan, will you stay? I would like you to listen," Marianne said as the Inspector stood waiting to hear her story.





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TEENAGER'S BEDROOM

We show you a truly teenager's room in this picture, suitable either for a boy or a modern young girl.

Ash Rose Marbled No. 709 Feltex was selected as a neutral basis for this unusual colour scheme. The soft tone of the floor made a wonderful foil for our colour planning. The window wall was painted deep turquoise blue, the remaining walls arctic sky and the ceiling lotus pink to balance with our Ash Rose floor. Curtains and underfounces on the beds were made of citrus lime plain textured material while the arm chair and bed tops were covered in a very smart turquoise Chikara cloth. Our odd note, which we always try to use in our settings, was the cushion on the dressing table chair; it was covered in french rose Burltone, creating a sharp contrast to the other tones in the room.

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PREMONITION

A short short story

By M. C. HIGGS

A TINY breath of cold air brushed her cheek as she came up from deep slumber and saw the light of a rainy dawn already filling her room. Something was to have happened today, she told herself uneasily, but she could not remember what it was.

Robert, her husband, was already dressed. He whistled softly as he made the tea.

It was just that she had been dreaming of something unpleasant, something even a little sinister. The details eluded her, but there had been an approaching footfall, an icy whisk of air, a premonition of imminent disaster.

She knew she was by nature a bit of a worrier, she said to herself, but she was not the type to indulge in silly fancies. In any case, premonitions were stupid things — it was when you had no inkling whatever of trouble, when you were most easy and complacent, that the thunderbolt fell.

These muttering voices in one's unconscious mind that said all is not well, all is not well — you woke up in the morning and caught them at it, troubling you with their uneasy whisperings. Then the grey dawn and your cup of tea and the mutter ceased, but you had the feeling that it was because you were listening to it, and you weren't allowed to listen . . .

People always said you shouldn't let fears remain in your mind and mothers had to learn not to be worriers. When Bobby sailed off into the traffic on his bike with cheeks like rosy apples and fair hair still very young and touching on the back of his neck — it was stupid to send up an immediate prayer that nothing should hurt him because you simply couldn't bear it if anything did.

You missed half the pleasure of having a child if you thought all the time of what would happen if you lost him. It had been a mistake to have only the one, she realised that, but with Robert's war injury and her own heart trouble they had thought it unwise to have more.

Her mother's face rose for an instant before her, a face dead these fifteen years. It had had a place somewhere in the dream, as it often did. Poor little thing, what a struggle she had made of life. Her hands, how worn they were. And what a worrier she had been. Her dark eyes as she grew older were sombre and never lit with easy laughter and the lines from nose to chin were deeply engraved.

It was no use saying to her, "Now, don't worry. Everything will be all right," because you knew perfectly well that she lived and slept with worry, gnawing on it constantly and never letting up. Bound to affect your children, that kind of thing.

But in the dream hadn't there been a ghost of a smile on the face, a malicious hint in the eyes, hardly like Mother at all? "I was right, I was right," she seemed to be saying. "You'll see. You'll see."

Robert passed the window, the early sunlight glinting on his fair hair. These summer mornings he liked to work in the garden for an hour before breakfast. Vaguely she wished he wouldn't. His days were tiring enough in all conscience and he didn't get any younger. Dear Robert. "I could bear anything else in the world except losing him," she said to herself. What did women do when all the support and strength and dearness of that other half of their lives was suddenly cut away? It just didn't bear thinking of.

She shuddered and threw back the bedclothes, longing for the smell of frying bacon, the whirr of the vacuum cleaner, the sound of water running into the sink—dear homely things—how precious they were you never realised till in the dark hinterland of your mind something huge and formless had touched you with an icy finger and was still there, waiting perhaps till you slept again before advancing silently a step nearer, its stealthy footfall echoing with a thud upon your heart.

She clung to Robert for a second as she said goodbye to him and he, never casual or facetious, responded to her mood, kissing her warmly and laying his hand for an instant on her hair.

"You will be careful on your bike, darling, won't you?" she said to Bobby as he buttoned up his raincoat. "The traffic's so awful lately."

"Sure," said Bobby tolerantly, as one making allowances for extreme old age. "I'll be at old Doughnut's place after school. We're making a raft to float on his creek."

"Is the water deep?" inquired his mother lightly, picking a minute bit of cotton off his sleeve.

"About two feet or so," said Bobby with some scorn. "We're not allowed near the deep part."

He rode off, his rosy cheeks shining with health and soap and good spirits.

"Not a worry in the world," his mother said to herself with a sigh, taking up the morning paper and pouring herself out a final cup of tea.

The telephone rang three times during the morning, and each time her hand shook a little as she took off the receiver.

She lay down on her bed after lunch. Her head ached and her nerves were all to pieces. She tried to read, but eventually slipped into a heavy doze. On the borders of sleep her mother's face hovered again, resigned now, and calm. "You see, I told you," she said to her mother. "There was no need at all to worry. Everything turns out all right in the end."

But there was a tiny, stealthy sound. She jerked violently. It was that footstep again. It came nearer and louder, insistent and unhurried.

She sat up, wide awake, the perspiration breaking out on her forehead. It was very close and thundery. This humidity always affected her. She would have a tepid bath and a cup of tea.



"You will be careful on your bike, won't you?" she said lightly to Bobby.

She was glancing at the clock, of course, long before Bobby was due home, when the slow day wore on at last to late afternoon. The clouds had gathered overhead and a heavy rain began to fall.

He should be here by now. "I could kick myself for being such a ninny," she said to herself, rolling pastry in the kitchen at half-past four. "Wearing myself out like this."

Here was Robert, at any rate. "Bobby late?" he inquired cheerfully as he came in. "Been sheltering, I expect. It's stopped now."

But Bobby never sheltered if he could help it. Seemed to enjoy getting soaked.

"I'll just ring up to see if he's left," she said at ten-past five.

"Bobby?" said a voice the other end. "Just a minute."

There was a short colloquy in the room.

"Are you there? No. He left about four when the rain came on."

She put the receiver down, feeling rather sick.

"Darling, you mustn't fuss quite so much about Bobby," remarked Robert, noticing how white she had turned. "He's a big boy now and quite capable of looking after himself. Here—have a look at the evening paper."

She took it up listlessly, then bit back a tiny scream.

Either she had heard an inner footfall, much nearer now than before, or else again a finger of ice had touched her pulse. She held up the paper with trembling fingers. Robert had turned to the radio and was twiddling a knob.

The telephone shrilled and her

heart gave a sickening leap. She put her hands over her ears and bent her head, shuddering.

Robert came back from the phone and took up one of her hands.

"Whatever has upset you?" he asked in concern. "You're not well. That was Bobby. Went on to Smith's and forgot the time and now he's got a puncture. I'll get the car out and go and fetch him."

She slumped in the chair with overwhelming relief as Robert went out. The footfall was here now, here beside her, and the icy finger on her pulse had grown quite strangely warm.

In fact, as Robert related to people afterwards, her dead face had upon it a most touching look of peace, with all foreboding, all worry wiped clean away.

(Copyright)

If she wanted to hook this
young man there was
obviously only one thing to
do . . . learn how to fish.

A short story

By STEWART BEACH

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

Lady with a lure

THIS Thursday night in August when Angela Bryce returned late to the big apartment in New York's Gracie Square she found messages scrawled in her father's hand.

They began: "Geoffrey Kingston phoned you, 8.30. Man sounds distressed." They continued: "9.15, he called again." The third entry was: "Kingston, 10.05," and the sign-off note reported: "11.15, informed Kingston I was going to bed."

Angela smiled in amusement. Her father was a darling. She glanced at her watch and saw it was too late to be phoning a hard-working young lawyer, even one in distress. She turned out the living-room lights and walked back to her tailored bedroom.

She was on the tall side, with blond hair and a figure which had obviously caused Ralph Mitchell to think of launching a ship or two during the evening. Ralph was new—some sort of television executive. They'd had dinner, gone to a theatre and enjoyed a spot of dancing at a discreet East Side pub.

It had been pleasant, but Ralph was a bit too eager for her present mood, which was tuned to Geoffrey Kingston.

She was having dinner with Geoffrey tomorrow. He was more inhibited than Ralph, and it had taken quite a bit of doing on Angela's part to break him down. But the evening's string of phone calls seemed a favorable omen.

The telephone, shrilling from the night table, woke her at seven-thirty. She said sleepily, "Who's calling at this wretched hour?"

"Angela?" The voice did sound distressed, "Geoffrey Kingston. I tried to get you all last night."

"As far as I'm concerned, this is still last night," Angela observed coldly.

"Well," he said, clearing his throat uncomfortably. "I hate to say this, but I'm afraid I've got to call off dinner."

Angela came awake suddenly.

"You see, Joe Allen phoned me from Martha's Vineyard last evening," Geoffrey blurted out. "That's when I began calling you." He paused and then went on. "Joe's a fishing guide. He says the big bass have just come back. They took a couple of forty-pounders yesterday. I—I've got to fly up there tonight. You understand, don't you?"

"I'm trying to," she said. "Are these fish clients?"

There was an excited laugh and she heard the relief in his voice. "Well, sort of," he said. "I knew you'd understand. I'm taking another week of my vacation. I'll call you when I get back."

His enthusiasm almost persuaded Angela that she did understand and she found she had said, "Well, have fun," before she heard the click as he hung up. Then she said softly, "I hate big bass, I hate Martha's Vineyard, and I guess I hate Geoffrey."

But she knew that last was nonsense. She didn't know Geoffrey very well. He was one of the younger lawyers in her father's office and she had met him when he was sent up to prepare income-tax returns for her decorating business.

After that there were other legal matters which required his attention until, sitting beside him in her shop, Angela was surprised to find she was considering him in quite extra-legal terms. The discovery made her both wary and curious.

In the two years she'd had her own business she had been so fascinated by it that she hadn't wanted anyone entering too far into her thoughts. But Geoffrey seemed a challenge. She was a practical young woman, and when the extra-legal feeling didn't go

away she had to find out what this new set of emotions was all about.

She'd begun in a small way by suggesting that he take her out for a drink. It had been exhilarating for her, but not at all conclusive. He was quite shy about himself, but he grinned appreciatively as she chattered, and that gave the illusion of a two-way conversation. He must have enjoyed it. When he put her into a taxi he said, "Do you suppose we could have dinner some night?"

"Why, I believe we could," she'd answered.

Things would move rather slowly with Geoffrey, she decided philosophically, but at least they had started. This fishing interruption was unreasonable and downright frustrating.

Angela decided she wasn't sleepy any more and got dressed. Her father was in the dining-room and he looked up critically as she bent to kiss him.

"I don't think I'm ever going to get used to you having breakfast in a hat," he complained.

"Part of the uniform," Angela told him matter-of-factly as she sat down. "A lady decorator has to work with her hat on."

"Ridiculous," he scoffed. "Kingston get you finally?"

"He finally did," Angela sighed. "I've been stood up for a big fish and I'm not sure I like it."

Her father's fork remained poised in a question.

"I had a date with him for dinner," she explained. "Then some local from Martha's Vineyard phoned to say the big bass are in and Kingston's flying up there. Who are these bass that are so important?"

"I expect he means striped bass," her father said, buttering a muffin. "You troll for them or cast in the surf with a long, heavy rod. I'm strictly a trout-and-salmon man, but I believe there are dedicated persons who hold that the striped is nature's salt-water nobleman. I didn't know Kingston did, though."

"A man like that is capable of anything," Angela said darkly.

Merriman Bryce smiled. "Come downtown this noon and we'll have lunch," he urged. "Take you out of the sulks."

"I'm pretty sure I can," she said. "I'll phone you, darling."

Angela's shop was on East 63rd Street, the ground floor of a big house that had been converted into apartments above. She still had a quick sense of excitement whenever she approached it, took stock of the rich antiques, accessories, and fabrics in the window and the chaste lettering on the door which announced: Miss Bryce—Interiors. It's mine, she thought, and it's in the black.

She greeted her two assistants and went straight back to the office to look at her calendar and the mail. She confirmed that she was free for lunch and phoned her father's secretary. Then she attacked the mail. Work was beginning to pick up. She sighed pleasantly and began checking work done against appointments to be made for after Labor Day.

A one o'clock sun was baking Lower Manhattan when Angela emerged from the subway beside Trinity Churchyard. She walked briskly down Wall Street, entered one of the tall buildings and went to her father's huge office.

Miss Maples, who occupied the guard-room just outside, greeted her hospitably. "He has one of the young lawyers with him," she smiled, "but he said you were to go right in. How are you, Miss Bryce?"

"Just wonderful," Angela said cheerfully, and pulled open the massive door. "Here I am, darling," she called, and then stopped

because the young lawyer was Geoffrey Kingston. "Well, hel-lo," she said.

She was glad to see that Geoffrey looked a little embarrassed as he greeted her. Merriman Bryce glanced up affectionately. "We'll just be a minute," he said. "Then the three of us can go to lunch."

Angela's eyebrows shot up, but the men were leaning over papers again. "Don't let me interrupt," she said.

She sat down in a chair by the window and filled in the time by making a leisurely inventory of Geoffrey Kingston. Dark hair, brown eyes, though she couldn't see them from this angle, a good nose and a strong mouth. She tilted her head critically. Six feet two? Six feet four, she remembered hastily as he straightened up.

Then her father said, "Now I guess we can run along."

She planned to maintain an attitude of polite indifference when they sat down in the restaurant. But after they had ordered, Merriman Bryce asked a casual question about striped fishing, and Geoffrey became so appealingly ecstatic that Angela's eyes opened wide. This man was shy? Why, he was positively transported!

"It's a wonderful feeling," he was saying, "to have the surf boiling around your bare feet and big fish in the white water offshore. You whip out a long cast, and there are butterflies in your stomach because any second you may get a strike like an express train!"

Angela was watching his face, wondering how it would be to have all that dedication turned on her. She shivered.

"I suppose lots of men find it quite thrilling," she murmured.

"Women, too," he rushed on. "You'd be surprised how many women are taking up surf fishing, Angela. Why, I know one girl at the Vineyard who can throw a lure seventy yards!"

"Someday I'll show you how to use a surf rod," he promised. "I'll bet you'd love it."

Angela said thoughtfully, "I'll bet."

Merriman Bryce looked at his watch. "I've got an appointment," he said, "but you two needn't hurry."

"I'm going to pick up some things at a tackle shop," Geoffrey said. "I'll be fishing over the high tide tonight."

Angela said, "Then I'll go along with Geoffrey and take the subway. I'll see you at dinner, daddy. I'm not doing a thing this evening."

Geoffrey seemed a little resentful at her last remark and she put her arm through his. "I know," she said soothingly, "I'm a small-minded, self-centred woman. How far can you throw a lure?"

"About a hundred yards," he began, and then he looked down and saw she was laughing. "Aren't you ever serious?" he asked stiffly.

"Well," Angela said, considering, "not about fishing. I've never tried it."

He turned to her suddenly and his eyes were excited. "Would you come to the Vineyard next month? I'm pretty sure the Weldons would put you up. They stay on through September."

The thought was stimulating. "Who are the Weldons?" she asked.

"Frances Weldon and her mother," he said. "They've got a big house. I usually have dinner there."

Angela stiffened. "Is this Frances Weldon the girl who throws her lure seventy yards?"

"Why, yes," he said. "She's really good."

"I'm sure she is if you have dinner there every night," Angela said acidly. They'd turned into Nassau Street and he stopped her in front of the tackle shop. There was a small lump in her throat which she fought back indignantly. "With all the work I've got in the shop I'm afraid I couldn't possibly visit the Weldons," she said coolly.

"I just thought maybe you'd like it," he said. "But I suppose you're such a city girl that—"

Her anger boiled. "Oh, go catch a fish!" she said, and walked away rapidly. When she turned the corner and reached the subway her fury fizzled out.

She spent the weekend working on sketches of an apartment house lobby she'd been engaged to decorate. But she accepted an invitation from her father to play golf on Sunday and beat him handily. Every time she used a number eight iron she thought of Frances Weldon.

I was willing to accept fishing, she told herself, but I didn't know I had a hot surfer for competition, too. Maybe I ought to forget Kingston and see more men.

This experimental mood was tested when Ralph Mitchell phoned on Wednesday. She found herself telling him that she was busy all the week. Just to prove it she had dinner by herself and went to a movie. She was lonely, and a maddening sense of frustration gnawed at her. The Labor Day weekend was going to seem endless.

But at last it was Tuesday morning. She was in the shop and one of her assistants was saying that Mr. Kingston was calling. She raced for the phone, remembering to make her voice quite casual.

"Well, hello there, Kingston," she said. "How's the barefoot surf caster?"

She was excited underneath. He said, "It was worth going up, Angela. All together, I got ten bass."

"You must tell me about every one of them," she said happily.

"How about tonight?" he asked. "Frances Weldon flew down with me and I thought the three of us might have dinner."

The feather on Angela's hat bobbed dangerously. "Are you still there?" Geoffrey inquired.

"I'm counting ten," she snapped. "I guess I can join you." She paused. "I think I'd like to meet Frances."

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Quite calmly Bill put his arms
around Angela and showed her how
to hold the fishing-rod in the
correct way.



"I've got a particular reason for wanting you to know the Weldons," Geoffrey said. "We'll be in the Empire Room at the Waldorf around seven-thirty."

Any hope Angela might have had that Frances would turn out to be plain died at first glance. Why, the girl was quite beautiful, she acknowledged, as she approached their table.

"I've heard of such interesting things about you from Geoffrey," she murmured, and Frances smiled smugly.

They ordered dinner and then Geoffrey said to Frances, "Why don't you tell Angela why you came down?"

Frances smiled over the rim of her glass. "You tell her."

Geoffrey turned to Angela. "The Weldons want you to do over their living-room," he announced, looking pleased. "That means you'll have to go up to look things over, so I got a seat for you on the Vineyard plane a week from Friday. I'll be going then, too."

A small warning light flicked on inside Angela, and she looked from Geoffrey to Frances. Frances was smiling.

Angela said, "Of course, I don't remember at all what my appointments are. But if Frances will come to my shop in the morning, I'll see."

"Oh, you'll be able to shift things around," Geoffrey said. "The fishing's wonderful in September."

He talked about the bass he'd taken then, and Frances' languor vanished so suddenly that Angela was startled. The girl came completely alive, laughing, nodding at Geoffrey and making Angela understand with every gesture that this was a cozy little twosome.

Geoffrey was absorbed in his accounts of the bass. But Frances wasn't. Angela had rarely seen a better performance of a girl being possessive about a man. By the time they'd finished dinner, she couldn't take it any longer.

"It's been fascinating, but I'm afraid I must really run

along," she said, and turned to Frances. "Eleven in the morning?"

Frances nodded and Geoffrey bounded to his feet. "One way or another I wanted you to have a chance at some surf fishing," he said.

Angela felt a quick stab of resentment. Didn't the man think of anything else? "Well, it might be fun if you taught me," she said.

Frances was a conservative fifteen minutes late at the shop. "Do you really want this living-room redecorated?" Angela asked when they were seated in her office. "Last night I thought it might be a game."

"Oh, mother talks of it," Frances said. "And Geoffrey's told us so much about you lately that I thought I'd like you to come up. He's so happy at the Vineyard, you know."

Angela nodded. "Of course, we're both crazy about surf fishing," Frances said, and laughed a little. "Geoffrey thinks you could learn. It's hardly something you'd pick up in a weekend, but you might like to try a few casts, I'm sure Geoffrey would be amused."

The girl had become too transparent, and Angela bristled. Why, the little schemer, she thought. She wants me to make a fool of myself.

She was ready to accept the challenge blindly, but just then an engaging idea popped into her mind.

She said, "You've made it sound like such fun that I think I'll come. I should tell you," she smiled, "that I'm quite good at games."

She took the subway downtown. It wasn't hard to find the tackle shop where she'd left Geoffrey. "Hello," she said to the clerk. "I want to learn all there is about surf casting in the next ten days."

The man appeared somewhat startled. "Well, look, lady," he said, "you'll have to get on the shore to do that. I've got a friend runs a tackle shop

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not too far out on Long Island." "Could you phone him?" Angela asked eagerly.

He grinned a little. "I guess you've really got to learn."

Late that afternoon, attired in shorts and a black sweater and with a bright scarf tied around her blond hair, Angela drew up before Art Reichert's shop on Long Island. A young man was in the back when she entered, doing something to the gears of a fishing reel. He didn't look up.

"Mr. Reichert?" Angela called.

"Art's away," he mumbled. "Just a second and I'll help you. I'm keeping store."

She walked towards the workbench, conscious of a stiff, sandy crewcut and deeply

The greatest things gain by being said simply; they are spoiled by emphasis. —La Bruyere

tanned arms. She stood watching his hands and he became aware of her gradually.

She was looking into humorous blue eyes.

"Don't tell me you're the girl who wants to learn surf casting in such a hurry," he said.

Angela's chin went up slightly. "Is there anything strange about that?" she asked. "A great many women are taking up surf casting."

"They don't always look like you," he said. "Art went to fix an outboard down at the pier. He'll be right back. I'm Bill Newcomb, one of the customers."

"Angela Bryce," she smiled. "You seem to think it's funny that I want to learn about casting."

"I think it's wonderful," he

said. "Only nobody makes a business of giving lessons. You just get a friend to show you."

"Oh!" Angela said in dismay.

"But isn't Mr. Reichert—" "Bill Newcomb laughed. "Art was hoping someone would be going fishing and take you along," he said. He came around the workbench. "I guess you've just got yourself a friend."

Angela could feel the color coming into her cheeks. "But how terribly nice of you," she murmured; and then added severely, "Can you throw your lure a hundred yards?"

She saw his mouth quiver. "Farther, if I have to. Here's Art."

Art Reichert turned out to be a big easygoing man in his fifties. "You're Miss Bryce, I suppose," he greeted her. "If Bill's contracted to show you how to use a surf rod, you couldn't have a better man."

They walked out to Bill's car, which had a long surf rod clipped in brackets to the top. "What do you do when you're not showing strange women about surf fishing?" she asked.

"Hang over a hot drawing board, designing aeroplane engines for one of the plants down here," he said.

She slid down into the seat comfortably. She liked Bill Newcomb. "Is casting awfully hard to learn?"

"Do you play golf?" Angela nodded.

"You ought to learn fast then," Bill said. "The trick of surf casting's in the timing, just the way it is in golf."

He parked at the edge of a strip of beach, and they walked to the surf. He snapped a sinker on the line. "Here's the drill," he said. "You bring the rod straight back over your shoulder. Then push it forward fast, lifting your thumb from the spool as the tip comes through." Angela watched in admiration as the sinker dropped far beyond the surf.

"Now let me try it," she said.

It was harder than it looked. She kept at it for an hour,

with Bill encouraging and correcting. Three times in succession she got the sinker out in quite decent casts. Then her timing went to pieces.

"I'll never learn it," she wailed.

"You're tired," Bill said. "I like this," she said. "It's quite fascinating." She turned to him.

Bill laughed a little. "You're a funny, intense sort of girl," he said. "What's driving you?"

"I picked up a challenge," she said, and wouldn't explain. "It's just that I want to be good at this. I always have to be good at anything I do." She turned away, frowning as she thought of Geoffrey.

It was eight o'clock when she started back to town. Bill promised to meet her next afternoon at five-thirty.

She raced through work at her shop, and was back on the beach late every afternoon with Bill. He didn't fish much. He watched her casting. He was quite encouraging.

"The sinker still shoots off at funny angles," she objected once. "How do I make it go where I want it to?"

"Simple," he told her. "Point your rod where you want the lure to drop. Bring it back over your shoulder and shoot it out in the same arc. The lure's got to go straight there."

Bill met her Saturday noon, and they spent the rest of the day on the beach. She didn't cast all the time. She sat on the sand a great deal, talking with Bill, thinking almost defiantly how much she was enjoying this. The defiance was for Geoffrey. He'd called her twice and seemed puzzled when she put him off. She'd wait for the Vineyard plane—and Frances.

Bill suggested they have dinner together, and it seemed an attractive idea. It was very pleasant talking with Bill. He told her nothing about his work, but a great deal about himself, and she traded bits of her own autobiography. She wasn't going to say anything about Geoffrey, and then, when they were sitting over coffee, she found she was pouring out everything. Suddenly she stopped.

"You must think I'm a silly fool," she said. "I hate girls who talk about their private lives. It's just that when I started coming out here, everything seemed quite clear in my mind. And now I'm confused!"

"I guess private lives can be quite confusing sometimes," he said gently.

"But what do you mean by that?" she cried. "Can't you help me?"

He shook his head. "If you're talking about Geoffrey," he said, "I don't know whether you're in love with the man, or whether you just picked up a challenge from Frances." He sighed. "Either way, I guess you've got to go and find out."

"What if I decided I didn't want to go at all?"

Bill laughed a little. "Then you'd be really wretched," he said. "You're the kind of girl who has to finish whatever she starts." He stood up. "It's late. You'd better get back to town."

She was playing golf with her father on Sunday, so she couldn't come to the beach, and she had an important business dinner on Monday. Tuesday she was back, searching vainly for Bill. He doesn't want to see me, she thought. But Wednesday he was on the beach when she drove up, and she ran to him.

"You didn't come, and I was afraid you hated me after Saturday."

He shook his head. "A little engine trouble at the plant," he said, "and I've got to go back there now. But I had to see you once more before your challenge match." He smiled.

"My own private life got confused, too. I began wondering if you were real." Then he was gone, striding back to his car.

The Vineyard plane left in mid-evening Friday, and Geoffrey was already at the airport when she arrived. He looked quite sweet and eager. "You must be the busiest woman in New York," he grumbled pleasantly.

Angela looked up at him expectantly, waiting for her

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Continuing . . . Lady with a Lure

emotions to tell her what to say. They told her nothing.

For once, she was quiet, and it was Geoffrey who talked when they were on the plane. "I'm worried about the hurricane," he said.

"But the papers said it was going out to sea," Angela told him in mild alarm. "Is it dangerous to be flying up?"

"I wasn't thinking about that," Geoffrey said. "A big wind can stir up the water and ruin the fishing."

Frances met them at the airfield on Martha's Vineyard, and Mrs. Weldon leaned out from the back seat when they reached the car. "So delighted you could come to us, my dear," she said. "But we're not going to talk decorating tonight."

They drove Geoffrey to the inn first. "We'll expect you for breakfast about nine," Frances said, as he got out.

"I'll be there," Geoffrey said, and picked up his bag. Angela watched his tall back thoughtfully as they drove off.

The Weldons' house turned out to be a big, nondescript, comfortable affair. Angela said she'd like to go straight to bed, and Frances took her upstairs. "I hope you've brought some old clothes," she said.

Her words flicked the challenge back into Angela's eyes. "Don't worry, dear," she said, smiling. "I'm ready for anything."

Sun was pouring hotly into the bedroom when Angela awoke. She surveyed the situation from a window. The air was ominously still, not stirring the leaves. She dressed carefully in crisp blue shorts, blue sneakers and socks, and a white blouse. Geoffrey had arrived, and they were in the dining-room when she went down.

"I hope it's all right for me to have breakfast in these old fishing clothes," she said.

Geoffrey looked at her in sudden surprise. Mrs. Weldon smiled.

And Frances paused in eating her melon to observe, "It's so hot today that I'm just wearing an old pair of shorts and a cotton T-shirt over my bathing suit."

"Well, every girl has to decide how she looks her best," Angela smiled, and sat down. "I'm so hungry I could eat a fish . . ."

They were starting right after breakfast. When Angela came down with her fishing cap and beach bag, Frances and Geoffrey were already in his jeep, which bristled with rods. Angela slid in beside Frances, and they drove to the beach, where Geoffrey pulled up behind the dunes. He handed her a rod.

Angela took it gingerly. "It's awfully big, isn't it?" she asked, and was amused to see Frances smiling with anticipation.

Geoffrey put the tackle bags in the lee of the dune. "All right, bring the rod," he said, "and we'll get ahead with your lesson."

They walked to where the waves lashed the sand. As he talked, he kept looking at her intently, and Angela wondered what he could be thinking. Was he seeing her differently up here? And was that what she really wanted? Her thought careered wildly to Bill. Geoffrey said, "Make a cast, Frances, so Angela can see how it's done," and Angela's thoughts were clear again. Frances' lure shot out in a beautiful arc.

"Now put something on my line," Angela said. "I want to cast the way Frances does."

She had made enough mistakes on the Long Island beach so she could repeat them now, and she was laughing inside.

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Geoffrey corrected her, while Frances glanced at him sympathetically. She had taken off her shorts and shirt, and was wearing only a bright red bathing suit.

Angela said contritely, "I don't seem to do it very well, but I'll catch on. Why don't I practise, and you two go off and fish?"

She was dismayed to see Geoffrey's frank look of relief. He said, "I'll go down the beach a way then. There's a cross rip that sometimes produces a fish."

She watched his receding figure, and she thought, "why, he wasn't seeing me differently. He doesn't see anyone but a fish." She'd give them both a half-hour, then call them back and show them how easy it was to learn to cast.

The thought pleased her so much that she threw a long cast, and glanced over her shoulder towards Frances. The girl had gone far up the beach in the opposite direction.

She cast again, and the line snapped into a backlash which she worked at till the reel was clear. Next time she thumbed the spool expertly, and the sinker dropped far out. The water gripped her feet as a wave sucked back from the sand. She looked down the beach.

She was surprised to see that Geoffrey was waving wildly and shouting, but his words were snatched out to sea by the wind. He was pointing beyond her, Angela realised suddenly, and she turned to look for

A bore is a man who spends so much time talking about himself that you can't talk about yourself.
—Melville D. Landon

Frances. Far out in the water she saw the red bathing suit.

Geoffrey was running then, and Angela started up the beach. The girl must have been quite mad to swim out there with the deadly pull of undertow in this hurricane tide. Fear drove Angela along. She ran until she was opposite Frances.

Something out of a surf-fishing book Bill had given her came back. Swimmers in trouble had often been rescued by a surf fisherman's long cast. She poised herself, pointing the rod tip toward the red bathing suit. Then she threw the rod back and forward.

It went almost true. She saw the sinker pass beyond the figure and stopped it with her thumb on the reel. Frances struggled towards the line and then gently Angela began to reel. Frances wasn't unconscious. The girl was kicking her feet, but her hands were on the line to steady her. Geoffrey came pounding up, just as Angela pulled her through the surf. The girl lay on the sand. Geoffrey turned her face to one side and began artificial respiration.

Frances' eyes opened almost immediately. "You don't need to do that," she said. "I didn't take in water. I'm just—just exhausted. Take me home."

Geoffrey picked her up in his arms. "Stay with the gear," he said brusquely. "I'll be back." Angela watched him climb the dune and she felt weak herself. She walked back to where they'd left the tackle bags and sank down.

She shuddered as she thought how close they had been to tragedy. But now that it was over, the incident seemed slyly ironic. She finished

what she started. There wasn't a better way of making a man realise a woman was precious to him than to help him see he'd nearly lost her.

Angela lay back on the sand. The wind was whipping the sea into seething furies. But here in the lee it was quiet.

She must have been asleep when the voice began. It said, "Angela. Angela, you were magnificent!"

Her eyes opened. Geoffrey was kneeling beside her, and she sat up suddenly. "How's Frances?" she asked.

"She's all right. What happened was her lure got hung up on a rock. She swam out to get it and was caught in the undertow. The wonderful thing," he said excitedly, "was the way you cast out to her. I saw you do it. Most beautiful cast I've ever seen, and you'd only been practising for a few minutes." He shook his head. "I'll never understand you, Angela."

She looked towards the sea and she saw Bill Newcomb quite clearly on a Long Island beach. She wasn't confused any more. She turned back to Geoffrey. "No," she said slowly, "I don't believe you ever will. If the planes are flying, I want to go home."

She saw Frances for a few minutes. She said, "Thanks for inviting me here. It's been useful in several ways."

She smiled at the girl in bed. "If you'd stop being such a good companion, I think Geoffrey might have ideas. You have to be aggressive to get a man."

A plane flew in the late afternoon when the wind died, and Angela went straight home to put on shorts and tie a bright scarf around her hair. It was six-thirty before she was on the Long Island beach, but Bill wasn't there.

"You're a big girl now, Bryce," she said to herself. "Go out and catch a fish."

It happened on the third cast. She felt a tug like an express train and she struck back—hard. There was such a turbulence out beyond the surf that her arms were the only part of her that lived—her arms, her thumb and finger on the reel handle, and the butterflies that churned her stomach.

She heard a voice, "Keep a tight line there."

"I am!" she panted, retrieving line the fish had taken.

She turned her head quickly. "Bill, you fool!" she cried. "What should I do?"

"Why, just what you're doing," he said quietly.

The fish came into the surf, and Bill went in for it, lifting it by the leader, bringing it high up on the beach. Angela stared at it in astonishment, and she stared at Bill with a look of discovery.

"Oh, Bill," she sighed. "How long has this been going on?"

"With me," he said, "from the first moment I saw you in Art's shop." His arms came around her.

"Silly!" she said, "I meant catching fish. Didn't you see? I got a stripper!"

She had never known his eyes could be so serious.

"It didn't work out at the Vineyard?" he demanded.

Angela said, "No," in a happy voice, and then her head came down on his shoulder.

She looked up at him and saw the same sort of dedication she'd seen in Geoffrey's eyes for a fish. But she knew that this was for her.

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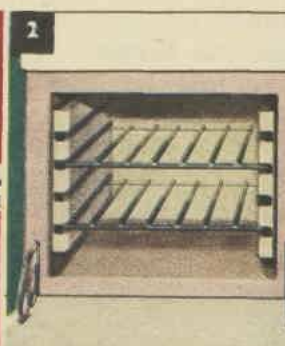
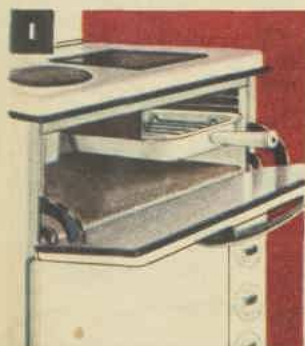
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Andrews. So had most of the girls at the school in Hampstead, but my position was privileged, for Miss Andrews had been to school with my mother and was a frequent visitor at our house.

"All right," I said at last. "All right, Hugo. Look up a train for me, will you?" The children were away at school, and my husband's latest novel was giving him so much trouble that he'd gone down to our cottage in Devon to struggle with it alone. There was no reason really why I shouldn't go.

I travelled at night, and Hugo got me a sleeper to myself, and booked a room at what he assured me was a quite comfortable hotel a few miles from where Miss Andrews was living. He flourished his broad-brimmed hat as the train began to move. "Good-bye, and, whatever happens, get her to lend those pictures. All of them. Don't bother about what you think of them."

That night I hardly slept. Instead I lay awake, remembering. For the first time in 25 years, remembering Miss Andrews.

I came home from school that afternoon early in the summer term bursting with the news that the new English literature mistress had been at school with mother. "I thought it must be the same girl," mother said placidly. "Dear Judith. She was a plain girl, but quite clever." She poured weak tea into a shell-like cup and handed it to father, who grimaced and went to help himself to a whisky and soda.

"I wish you wouldn't, dear," said mother mechanically. She moved her head and a shaft of sunlight struck across the high-backed chair, turning her bright hair into a glittering halo. She was lovely, with the effortless and simple loveliness of a flower.

"I wouldn't call Miss Andrews plain," I said now. "She's not exactly pretty, but she's got very good bones."

"That's just some of your father's jargon," said mother indulgently. "A person is either pretty, or she is not pretty. Judith is not pretty. We were very great friends at school."

Father had been looking tired and cross. I think he had been painting a mayor's wife that afternoon—but now he glanced at mother with amused affection. "Every pretty girl has a plain friend to act as a foil to her looks," he said. "Whose foil are you, Katie?"

Mother put out her hand and caressed my untidy, mousey hair. "Katie is at the awkward

age," she said tenderly, "but one day she will be very, very lovely."

When I brought Miss Andrews home the next day the tea-things were laid under the cedar on the lawn. I introduced her proudly, and mother and she embraced. Miss Andrews wore a simple dress of green with a red kerchief at her neck. Mother was in a graceful Worth hostess gown. I was glad father was there, looking very very handsome and being courteously attentive over handing tea and sandwiches. When I wasn't chasing wasps out of the jam I listened while they talked. What they said was well above my head, but I was pleased and proud that father was interested in Miss Andrews' simply colossal brain.

When it was time to leave and I came back from seeing Miss Andrews to the end of the road, father was still lounging under the tree. "No, not pretty," he was saying. "I think I should call her . . . belle laide."

"That's very unkind, Richard," said mother, looking pleased. "We must ask her to dinner soon, and invite some nice eligible men to meet her." I knew that mother's French wasn't as good as she thought it was, and that she had understood father to say that Miss Andrews was "bien laide" (very ugly). I was an officious child, quick to correct my elders, yet I held my tongue. Why did I know that to be "belle laide" was a thousand times more dangerously attractive than to be simply "belle"? What instinct bade me be silent, made me aware of the first shadow falling across the afternoon's brightness?

When Miss Andrews took me to see "Swan Lake," father met us afterwards and took us to tea at Gunter's. She had never been to a cricket match, and when he took me to Lord's he suggested that Miss Andrews might like to come, too. Mother hated cricket. Then came the summer holidays, and we went to the East Coast, as usual, because it was so bracing.

Father very quickly got tired of being braced, and went off to Paris on business for a fortnight. Miss Andrews had gone to Italy with a fellow-teacher. "Going over churches stone by stone," said mother with a little grimace, "and sketching ruins in by the hundred. Don't I know them, those teachers on holiday!"

I thought this tone of patronising amusement a curious one to adopt towards a dear

Continuing . . . The Enchantress

from page 31

school-friend, but I expect mother, secure in her beauty, couldn't help feeling a little bit contemptuous of Miss Andrews. Not one of the eligible bachelors to whom mother had introduced her had she succeeded in captivating. The young men, it seemed, had eyes only for mother.

Mother never said anything consciously witty or amusing, but her beauty cast a spell. She knew it, and the knowledge pleased her. Mother's young men were a long-standing joke in our household, a joke that never went too far because it was so obvious to everyone that mother and father were deeply in love.

I stirred, and looked at my travelling clock. It was half-past two. I lit a cigarette and peered out of the window. Leafless trees raced by, their branches white with frost.

I shivered, although the train was warm. This was a wild-goose chase, and at the end of it, what would I find? The train's rhythm answered me, monotonously chanting "Judith Andrews, Judith Andrews" as we thundered on.

There had been skating that winter on the Heath. I remembered the winter Miss Andrews went away. I had taken my to-

Many can argue, not many converse.
— A. B. Alcott

boggan, and father came, too, in time to fasten Miss Andrews' skates. How much and how little one sees at thirteen years old.

She hadn't been glad to see him. As he held out his hands and helped her to rise she murmured, "Richard, this isn't sensible . . ." He said, "Who cares about being sensible?" and lifted her lightly and went skimming across the lake with her.

She was like the ballerina in "Swan Lake," I thought, although she was dressed in grey, with thick woollen gloves and hat to match. She and father were having a serious conversation and, although she smiled at me as they glided by, I glared back and trudged off up the hill with my toboggan.

I felt cold and cross and neglected, and when they came after me to persuade me to come and practise my skating I remained unresponsive. I didn't know why I felt like

this, when the offer of a lesson in skating from Miss Andrews should have sent me into seventh heaven. Father said I was a sulky brat, but Miss Andrews gave me a queer, side-long look and said no more.

It was at our Christmas party a few weeks later that Miss Andrews announced that she was leaving our school for another one in the Midlands. Mother was surprised and sorry, but although father looked sorry I didn't think he seemed particularly surprised. "I'm so glad we got Judith a really nice present," said mother in an undertone to father. He was surrounded by squealing children, so his reply was indistinguishable.

I noticed though how pleased Miss Andrews was with the pearls we had given her. When she opened the case she went quite pink, and looked as if she were going to cry. She glanced at father, and half-shook her head. I was both glad and sorry Miss Andrews was going away, and in a burst of seasonal goodwill I put both my arms round her neck and kissed her. "Merry Christmas, Miss Andrews!" I said. She hugged me and she was crying, because I felt the warm tears on her cheek.

I was pleased that we had bought Miss Andrews, who had no jewellery at all, a pearl necklace that cost ten guineas. Now that Miss Andrews was going away, I felt foolish, and a little bit ashamed, the way one does when something one has dreaded and worried about never actually happens after all.

What was it, the thing that had puzzled me and made me vaguely unhappy? I never put it into words, and when Miss Andrews went away to the school in the Midlands it receded from my consciousness. I suppose there were letters at first, but the correspondence dropped off. Until I was 17 I neither saw nor heard about Miss Andrews again.

Until I was 17. That was the year I went to finishing school in Switzerland. Colette Bernard was my special friend at the school. She was little and dark and vivacious, terribly fond of clothes and jewellery, and she was the apple of her father's eye. He had come from Paris to visit her, and had taken us both on a steamer trip up the lake.

We were having coffee and cakes on the verandah of the hotel overlooking the lake. Colette was plaguing her father, who was an internationally known jeweller, to give her a bracelet or a necklace.

He smiled and said, "Your youth is a jewel more precious than any in my windows, ma petite." I thought this was charming, the sort of thing no English father would dream of saying, though I was looking forward to showing off my own distinguished parent, when he came to visit me in a few days' time, on one of his frequent trips to the Continent. Colette was pouting now. "A small pearl necklace, Papa. It would be permitted to wear a small pearl necklace, would it not, Katie?"

I didn't reply. My eyes were on the figure ascending the steps of the hotel from the small landing-stage. It was Miss Andrews.

She was in a wine-colored evening dress, and her dark hair was fashionably shingled, and softly waved. She stood quite close to our table, speaking to a waiter. She didn't recognise me. Why should she? At thirteen one is a child, but at seventeen one is grown up. As she moved away, Colette said softly: "How chic she is, I, too, could wear pearls like that, Papa. We are of a coloring."

M. Bernard smiled and shrugged. "Not pearls like that, my child," he said. "I am not a millionaire. Those pearls are worth, perhaps, five thousand pounds."

I knew then that I had grown up. I remembered the Christmas party in Hampstead, and Miss Andrews shaking her head at father, and her sudden gush of tears. I was old enough to understand, but I was too young to pity.

That really was the end of the story, the story I had locked away in the secret corners of my mind. My father never suspected that I knew the secret they had guarded so carefully. Certainly my mother never knew. Five years later they were both killed in a motoring accident.

I stubbed out my cigarette and lay down. I slept, and it no longer mattered that once, a long while ago, Miss Andrews and my father had been lovers.

When I called next day, I expected to see . . . what? A little lavender-and-lace lady living in a garden of memories? Yes, I suppose I did. But Judith Andrews was only in her middle sixties.

It's a hideously mundane word to use about a woman who inspired a great romantic love, but Judith Andrews was spry. She was piling dead wood on a bonfire in the garden when I clicked open the gate. Her hair was blown about, and she wore old tweeds. At her age there isn't a beauty living who can get away with that sort of dressing, and Judith Andrews was never beautiful.

You've seen the paintings, the sixteen superb canvases on which father's reputation rests today, and you won't believe me. You will point to "Enchantress," that vision with cloudy hair and slim white limbs; to "Judith Smiling," where the artist caught the slanting shy mischief dawning in the secret depths of the curiously tilted eyes; to "Judith Asleep," where a chequered sunlight seems to strike a beating pulse in the flung-back throat of the sleeper, and the eyelids seem to flutter apart, so lightly do the lashes rest on the faintly flushed cheek. A miracle of beauty, this last painting. When he first saw it, Hugo choked, and became very silent.

As I was silent now, standing in the long light attic where my father's canvases were hanging, I stood and gazed at the full-length portrait of Judith in evening dress, the pearls gleaming milkily against the wine-colored velvet.

There was still something harsh and unyielding in my heart, because my father and Judith had deceived my mother, my happy, confident mother, all those years. I stole a glance at the little, untidy woman who had come quietly to my side, and what I saw in that still profile melted the soreness, the resentment.

Whoever had been gay and happy and confident in those years, it had not been Judith Andrews. I slipped my hand into hers, and her cold hand returned my pressure. In unspoken understanding we turned and left the glowing world of careless enchantment that a man long dead had created, and together went downstairs to tea.

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● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

DURING the last big flood in Dubbo, my husband was helping to rescue people from houses on low-lying ground which had been inundated by a sudden rise in the flood water. A mother and her two babies had just been taken into the rowing boat and my husband was about to pull away when a cry from the woman stopped him.

"Stop! Stop!" she cried. "I'll have to go back. I've left my slimming tablets in there!" £2/2/- awarded to Mrs. L. Button, Bourke St., Dubbo, N.S.W.

Send your entries to "Just Like a Man," or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUST LIKE A MAN

MY son is a car-happy chap who will never walk a yard if he can ride. We live two blocks from our local picture theatre, and one night recently he decided to go to the pictures.

Did he walk? No, he took the car.

After driving around for ten minutes looking for a parking spot he eventually found one.

Where? Next door to home!

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Florence London, "Brewongle," Flat 70, Mercwether, via Newcastle, N.S.W.

R646. This crew-necked jumper is perfect for late-afternoon parties when there's that little extra nip in the air.

R571. A stole that's designed for going places and creating the right impression... light, yet wonderfully cosy.

R637. The ever-popular "little" bolero is really high fashion when its styled from glamorous Beaverlon.

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richness of it
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R682 A beautifully draped double-faced evening stole which, in the new Kolinsky colour, is rich in every detail... except its price.

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All Beaverlon garments (and there are lots more than shown here!) come in a choice of 13 lovely shades, every one of which launders perfectly.

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(JB-148)

COLORED COATS—WINTER NEWS



STUDY in blues is this furry-type wool coat, single-breasted, straight, with a three-button fastening.

HIGH fashion news in coats this year includes glowing colors (we're campaigning for the girl in the colored coat), superb fabrics, fur trims, the cape-collar, and the coat with its own hood. The shape is loose and roomy or straight and slender. The waistline is unrestricted. Coats are no longer belted at the natural waistline. When and if a coat is belted, the belt is at the back under the shoulder-blades—Empire style. Color this season seems to have a new light and shadow depth. The reds dazzle, the blues have a misty glow. Fabrics, even when thick-textured, are as soft as a glove. Lastly, a very good way for a canny woman of fashion to make sure she is not caught napping is to have a generous hemline on this year's coat.

—Betty Keep



DRAMATIC town coat made in pearly white velour cloth and collared in black seal to match the fur hat. The coat has no fastenings; it wraps generously round the wearer.



ELEGANCE with a warm new glow typifies the all-purpose coat in rose-red smooth wool. It is worn over a black dress, with black accessories.



DOUBLE-BREASTED in blue fleece wool, this coat is another all-purpose type, with spare, slim lines and lots of chic. Good for in or out of town.

COLOR is boldly treated (right) in this single-breasted coat and its accessories—all in scarlet. Note detachable hood and the new cape-collar.

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Try this
appetising
LUNCHEON DISH!

SPRING CHICKEN SALAD

6 Servings
1 envelope or 3 teaspoons Davis Gelatine,
1 cup hot water, 1 pint salad dressing, 2 cups
chopped celery, 2 hardboiled eggs, 1 cup finely
canned, diced pineapple, 1 cup chopped nuts,
2 tablespoons salad oil, 2 tablespoons lemon
juice, salt, pepper.
Chop whites of eggs. Mix with chicken, celery,
pineapple, nuts. Mix oil and lemon juice (or
vinegar), salt, pepper; lightly add chicken
mixture. Leave for 30 minutes. Drain off any
liquid. Dissolve gelatine in hot water. Add to
salad dressing. Carefully stir in the salad
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Unmould on lettuce. Sieve the
yolk of eggs over the top, add-
ing a sprinkling of chopped
parsley.

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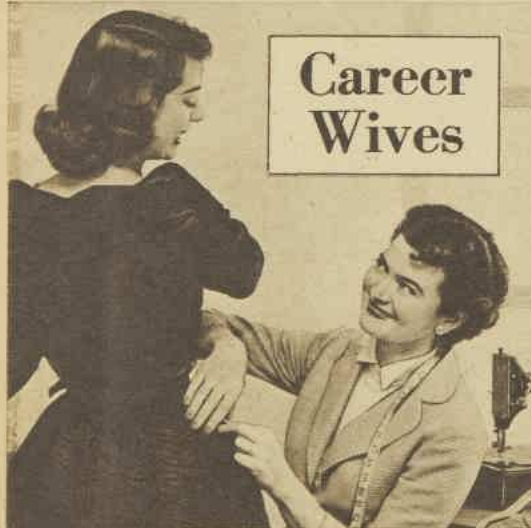
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Career Wives



"Every year more and more housewives are taking on a job," says dressmaker-housewife, Madame P. Fischer, 28 Anglo Road, Greenwich. To any woman thinking of doing the same, Madame Fischer has this advice:

"MUSTS" FOR WORKING WIVES

"Remember you'll have half your usual time for housework, so work out a routine. Then, of course, you must keep up your appearance. Nice hands are an asset in any job you take. For instance, all the time I'm fitting a customer my hands are on view. That's why I give them the best of care—and that includes using Persil on washday. Persil, I find, is especially kind to hands, keeping them soft and smooth."

P.142, W.W.42g

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Here, all ready for the beginning of the autumn-winter season, are three smart skirts. I chose them in response to many letters asking for a "skirt to wear with a blouse or sweater."



THREE SKIRTS, DS235 (tweed), DS236 (front-buttoned), and DS237 (straight). The skirts are all in sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Each skirt pattern costs 3/-, and requires 1½ yards 54in. material. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE batch of readers' queries below is typical of other fashion problems I have been asked to solve.

The first query concerns a bridesmaid's dress. Here is the letter and my reply:

"I AM seeking your advice about a bridesmaid's frock. The wedding is to be very formal, about 160 guests, and it is to take place at 4.30 p.m. I want to really make a splash and wear something in the latest style. The bride's gown is white lace. I am 26 years of age, size 32in. bust, 5ft. 5in. tall, and a natural blonde with violet-colored eyes. I am wearing white flowers instead of a hat."

Chiffon made with a demi-long skirt (approximately 8in. above the ankle) would be very new and striking for a bridesmaid's dress. Lilac would be a good color choice; it is right in fashion and should suit your coloring extremely well.

Have the dress made with a high-in-front neckline, plunging into a V at back finished with a streamer bow, the ends reaching to the floor in a floating panel effect. Have the skirt finished with soft all-round gathers. Have your shoes and gloves in the exact shade of the dress.

"WOULD you please design me a set of all-purpose winter separates and give me a suggestion for the material? My fitting is SSW."

A semi-fitted jacket-blouse (it can be worn tucked in as a blouse or over the skirt as

a jacket), plus a sleeveless, decollete-necked "top" (low oval back and front), plus a slender skirt, would be excellent all-purpose separates. For the material I suggest wool jersey or a soft-textured tweed. Whichever material you choose, have the back section of the skirt lined. This will help keep the original slender line.

"I HAVE some very striking red velvet and would like your opinion on the design for it: I want it for late day. I would also like you to advise me re the accessories, including a small hat. I like plain tailored designs."

Have the velvet made into a suit with a slim skirt and easy fitted, waisted jacket. Wear the suit with a tiny matching velvet band finished with a veil, black shoes, gloves, and handbag.

"FOR a winter dress I would like your advice about a style and type of material. I work in a country town and the frock is for better wear. I would like one of the sheath frocks, but I don't want it too extreme."

My suggestion for your dress is a back-buttoned, blouse-sheath finished with horizontal slot pockets at the hip and a narrow sash-like belt tied in a neat bow. The sheath will blouse a little about the natural waistline and is buttoned from neck to hemline (buttons the approximate size of a shilling).

Have the neckline high to the throat, turning over turtle style. For the material I suggest wool jersey.

"MY problem is the newest shades for spring lingerie. I know it is early to ask this advice, but I am making my trousseau and would be grateful for your help in this matter."

According to overseas fashion reports, blue heaven (an ice-blue), lilac-blue, sassy-pink (a gay ice-cream tone), peach, and red are the newest colors used for spring lingerie. Lace is often dyed to match the color of the garment, and a ribbon trim is much in vogue.

"WOULD you please suggest a trimming and color for a black satin evening frock? The frock is a sheath-type made with a high rounded neck, short sleeves, and finished at the waist with a 3in.-wide belt."

I suggest you wear your dress with an obi sash in a vivid colored satin; have the sash finished with a large bow at the back. Turquoise-blue, apricot, orange, and pink are all currently popular colors that look wonderful with black.

"PLEASE help me with a renovation problem. I have a pearly-white satin evening-gown with a strapless bodice. I now want to add sleeves but have no more satin and can't match the material."

Use a contrast, black velvet, for a new bodice-top just reaching to below the bosom. Have the bodice fitted and finished with a low oval (back and front) neckline and tiny sleeves.

GOT THOSE

fry-
day
blues?



Quick!
the Air-wick

There's nothing like the smell of crisply fried fresh fish to start the family's mouths watering! But, after the meal is over, that delicious smell turns into a stale hangover reek which spreads right through the house... here's how to kill it, fast!

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speculation within his mind. Hilary remembered the kiss again, and watched the beating fingers trying to fend off their owner's too vivid imaginative reconstruction of the scene; and for a moment she was convulsed with the first terrible pang of a totally unforeseen jealousy.

"Yet you have come to us. You were not satisfied that this reconciliation of lovers was genuine?" prompted the Inspector gently.

"No, I," she swallowed the unevenness which impeded her voice, and said with deliberation, "I didn't believe in the kiss."

She was no longer looking at Jonathan, but she felt the quick, hopeful lift of his head, and the brightness of his eyes upon her.

"You see, it would have looked all right if I hadn't heard something already that didn't go with it. He didn't think of me at once when they drove into the yard, because of course he hadn't noticed yet that the glass was out of the window, so he couldn't know how well I could hear," Hilary explained. "And you know how you have to raise your voice to talk to someone in a car, even a good, quiet car."

"Just as he switched the engine off I heard him saying something to her, and it was still in this slightly raised voice, so it reached me easily. Then he began to speak more softly, of course, and even before he kissed her I didn't catch any more words. But what I did hear was enough to make the whole set-up look phony. He said, 'Let me see your hands as you alight. It would be a pity if you left anything behind.'"

"So afterwards, even when on the face of it it looked all right, I began to see all kinds of things that were wrong." She went on valiantly. "I didn't believe in any of it. I'm

Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

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sure she doesn't love him. I think she dislikes him, and is afraid of him, and I'm almost sure she never wanted to be there with him. So hadn't we better get back there quickly, and get her out?"

"We shall do exactly that," agreed the Inspector briskly. "But I think Monsieur Craig will also have something to add to this story, for it seems to me you have been sharing the events of this curious affair equally between you, and are now for the first time in a position to put them together and make a little sense."

"Please!" He looked across at the young policeman significantly, and raised an eyebrow. "In five minutes, perhaps—we shall need two cars. Yes, Monsieur Craig?"

There was no longer any question of keeping anything back. Jonathan told the whole story as it had happened to him, the improbable meeting, the eccentricities of the journey, and the abrupt and unexpected departure of Marianne.

"It doesn't take much understanding, does it?" he asked. "He looked up Hilary for safe-keeping, realising she was a trump card, because one of the first things one would find out about Marianne is that she wouldn't let anyone else carry her troubles for her."

"He had only to slide up to her while I was out of the way, and point out that he held Hilary, and that she was going to suffer for it if Marianne didn't do as she was told, and she'd go with him without any hesitation."

"The first essential to her would be to get Hilary safely out of it. She'd even . . ." he shied away from the reported kiss, with all its implications,

and looked up suddenly at Hilary with the warmest, most unwary smile he'd ever given her since she'd sprung suddenly to maturity in his arms and frightened him out of England.

And all because she reassured him that Marianne Becher was not really in love with the man Eisinger! There was no justice in the world, thought Hilary bitterly.

"It appears, then, that there is something this man wants from Mademoiselle Becher, and also that she is of a temperament not to give up easily

There is more to life than increasing its speed.

— Mahatma Gandhi

whatever it is she is holding out against him," the Inspector summed up. "Mademoiselle Prescott, you can find this cafe again?"

Hilary demolished the last sandwich with unseemly haste, and was on her feet and ready for action. "Yes, of course I can!"

"Then you shall be the guide. No, the cars this time shall be ours. Your machine is a little noticeable for such a call, don't you agree?"

Hilary sat by the police driver in the first car, with the Inspector and Jonathan behind them, the second car following in addition to the policemen in the driver. They covered the two miles to the cafe at high speed, and separated to approach by both doors. In the yard, now half

in shade as the sun declined gently westward behind the roofs of the sheds, the fragments of glass crunched underfoot, and tinkled as they were kicked aside.

In the bar half a dozen men, local people from nearby farms or transport drivers dropping in from the road, were drinking and talking, and Georges was leaning on the bar, freshly shaved, in the middle of an argument about wine.

He grinned at the sight of the police, and with complete self-possession looked clean through Hilary. Clearly the visit did not surprise him, and he had no particular reason to recoil from it.

"This is the man you saw, Miss Prescott?"

"Yes," said Hilary, "that's Georges. He never touched me, you know, not even when I smashed his windows. But he was here, and he talked to the other man, and can't have helped knowing I was locked in upstairs. I think this one just does what he's told. The other one did the telling."

"This lady has been walking a long time in the sun today," inquired Georges solicitously. "It has very curious effects, one should be careful in such weather. I have never seen her before—with regret I say it. There are many cafes not unlike mine, and one must admit with modesty I am not even of a strikingly distinguished appearance myself. I think she makes a mistake."

Unnecessarily, perhaps, but with considerable aplomb, Hilary launched into a detailed description of the upper floor of the house, the drab corridor, the bare room with the daguerreotypes and the smashed win-

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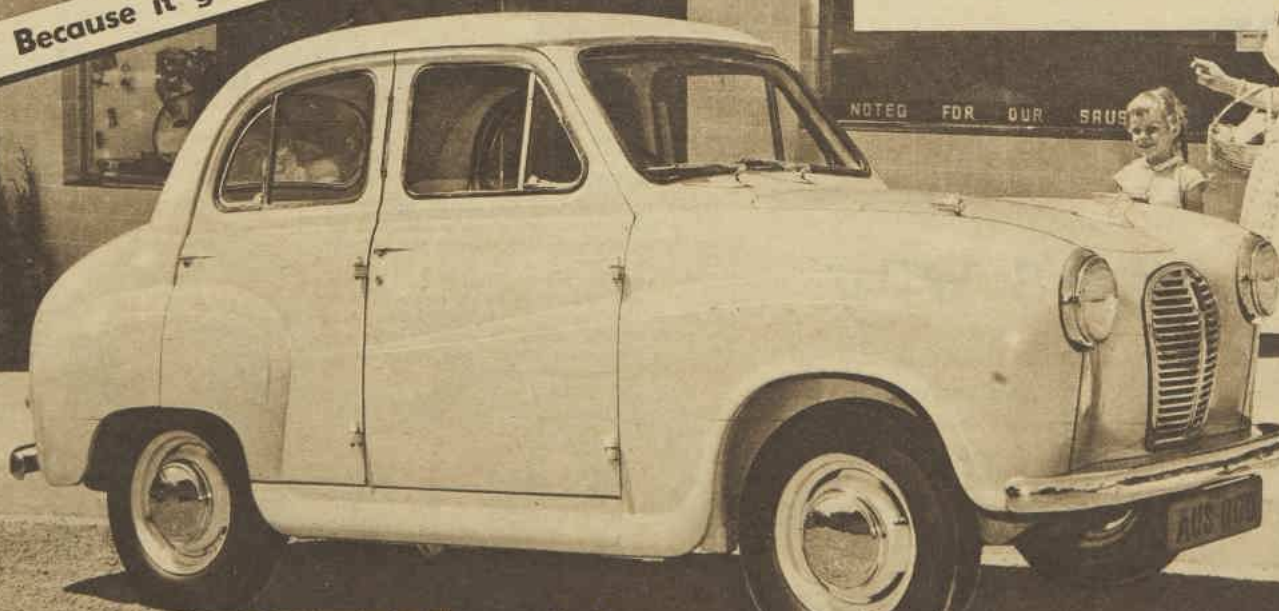
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Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

from page 47

dows. The Inspector laughed, patting her on the shoulder approvingly. His men were already up there, moving methodically from room to room.

"Be easy!" he said in English. "We rely on your identification, and we shall take him in with us. But unless something further comes to light I think he will not be greatly concerned about his little holiday. No very serious charges can be made against him, and no doubt for accepting the matter philosophically he will be well paid. Let us go up, then!"

But nowhere in the house, or the sheds, or the yard was there any sign of Marianne Becher or Johann Eisinger. There was not even a thread of the grey lining of Marianne's bag in the bedroom where she had been confined.

Jonathan, with increasing desperation, quartered every corner of the place after the police had already searched thoroughly, but there was nothing to indicate where Marianne had been taken, and nothing but Hilary's testimony to prove that she had ever been there.

ALL they had to show for their visit was one compliant and somewhat amused prisoner, who blandly answered all questions still with a sweeping denial, and expressed resigned concern that so charming a creature as Hilary should be subject to delusions.

"So now we are without any lead," said the Inspector, "and do not know where to begin looking for Mademoiselle Becher. No doubt this Georges could tell us something of Eisinger's associates and habits, if he would, but I think he knows too well he himself has little to fear. He is not, I think, a stranger to us, his record may suggest something. In the meantime, Monsieur Craig, you had better go once again through everything that passed with her. It may be that we have missed something."

"I've been doing that," said Jonathan, gnawing his knuckles in the back of the car. "I can think of only one thing, and it doesn't lead on from here at all, it simply starts afresh somewhere else. Probably it's useless, since as far as we know she's still a prisoner, and can't strike out for herself at all."

He added, "But at least we do know where she originally intended to go in Colmar. I don't know what it was all about, or what she wanted there, but she asked me to drive her to a private house near the Petite Venise, Number 11, Ruelles des Limacons."

"Good!" said the Inspector, instantly recovering his animation, and closing his hand upon the phrase in mid-air, as on a clue of thread that would eventually bring them out of the labyrinth. "We shall see who is at home there, and what they know of Mademoiselle Becher. Perard, you heard? Drive to the Rue Turenne end of the Ruelle des Limacons, and hurry!"

At the end of the Grand Rue the canal bridge carried the narrowing street leftward towards the Rue Turenne.

Marianne cast a quick glance along the canal from the crest of the little bridge. Beyond, the road shook its crammed sides free and widened into the Rue Turenne, spacious and quiet.

She came to the turning and leaned against the wall for a moment, trembling already, trembling too soon, with a sense of arrival.

She was very tired, rather with nervous tension than actual exertion. It was not even dusk yet, except in the Ruelle des Limacons, and yet Marianne felt as if she were groping her way in superstitious fear through the obscurities of a moonless night. Colmar was so empty, so silent. Only from somewhere unseen, borne in soft waves from a distance, there was music.

She entered the narrow street, and felt the shadows filled with warmth, reflected back upon her from the stone walls which had stored up the sun all day. No one moved between wall and wall except herself.

She came to the deep-set door of Number 11, and knocked.

No one came, nothing moved. It seemed to her that she had been there a long time, hammering at the door of an empty house, and that the evening was closing in upon her like silently grasping hands.

From high above her a sudden thick, elderly voice said reasonably, "You'll get no answer there. They're all out."

She looked up with a leaping

heart, ready to start at her own shadow. At a second-floor window on the opposite side of the lane a fat middle-aged woman was leaning on a pillow placed on the sill, her bare arm folded under her bulging bosom, her frizzy grey hair bright in the last sunlight, which was withdrawing inch by inch from her window, and had already left her face in shadow.

This was evidently her regular evening relaxation, the most active excitement her bulk allowed her after the exertion of the day.

"Monsieur Jean-Marie is out, too?" asked Marianne, relieved to have awakened another human creature.

"They are all at the Fair. Didn't you know? Everybody in Colmar will be on the fair-ground by now. Yes, Monsieur Jean-Marie, too."

Relief and enlightenment flooded Marianne's heart. How could she have forgotten, or failed to understand the silence and emptiness of the town? The whole life of Colmar had removed itself for the evening to the covered Market Halls, and the open ground adjoining. And where else would a young man choose to spend his first evenings of freedom?

"Ah, of course, I understand! Thank you, Madame! I will go and look for him there."

The encounter had heartened her. She went on along the street with a lightened step, and the woman, leaning solidly on her stout arms, watched her go.

There was so little happening within her view tonight that she could not afford to miss any movement or sound. She saw the girl vanish into the shadows at the end of the lane, and instant upon that disappearance she saw a man materialise out of a deep doorway near the Rue Turenne, and stroll softly, calmly, purposefully after the girl.

It was too methodical to be disconnected, his movements followed hers at a considerable distance, as in a smooth mechanical toy. With silent interest the old woman watched him go by, grow shadowy at the lane's end and vanish.

From above she measured with an impartial eye the wide shoulders, the powerful body, the still, hard, handsome proportions of the face. She even looked at the time, because the double progress was of a

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Iron-on transfer and pattern

• Little Dutch boys and girls in gay red and blue are the motifs featured on Iron-on Transfer No. 1. These small transfers are ideal for brightening up children's clothing or nursery furnishings.

EASY to apply, they are merely pressed on to the material with a warm iron. Full instructions come with each transfer sheet. Price, 2/6.

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Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in taking initiative.	★ You can handle your job with your eyes shut and you may attempt dramatic departures from previous practices with a remarkable degree of success.	★ Home will reflect your mood, your opinions, your state of mind. Remain calm. If you are hasty you will suffer, and so will the family. Create a serene atmosphere.	★ For some, the dawn of first love which may also be last love. A romance lies in the path of many of you even if you are no longer in your first youth.	★ Excellent influences further your social ambitions. Safely take the lead now and obstacles will melt away. Knock on doors or push them open.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck with your plans.	★ A prize you have been waiting for may be yours. This could be a coveted post, a shift to another department, or an important piece of working equipment.	★ Lend a guiding hand. Do not lay down the law, for your authority will be defied, especially if a parent of teenagers. Keep clear of ultimatums.	★ Perhaps you see him, or her, only at intervals, yet experience a strong attraction. A small incident could serve to introduce you soon. From there, it's up to you.	★ This week is good for all quiet pastimes such as reading, going to the pictures, or adding to your skill in handicrafts. Active sports are not advised just now.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in winning a prize.	★ The influence of a friend in securing you a job, a new, congenial workmate, or a new circle which seeks your help will tend to mix the social element with your job.	★ Either you will be so busy having a good time yourself that you leave the household to its own devices, or you fill your home with friends who are meeting for a special purpose.	★ Being one of a crowd has many advantages. You can survey the field and compare your best-beloved with others in the group. Don't rush too quickly into closer ties.	★ Get out in the open. Use your muscles. Give your overworked brain a rest. Diminish nervous tension and you will soon find vitality renewed.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, black. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in having the inside track.	★ Many of you will be forced to act off your own bat in a situation not anticipated by the powers-that-be. You may have to assume responsibility. Do your best. Don't worry.	★ If you have a major domestic problem on your mind, co-ordinate the whole programme so that it can be accomplished in stages. Let your head save your feet.	★ Those prepared to join in a new social activity with the beloved, such as a dancing class, a little theatre group, or a choral society, will find a rich reward.	★ Your every move is being watched. If in office you may be obliged to walk a tightrope among supporters and critics. If a voluntary worker, great success comes.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a present.	★ Preference may come your way because you are busy studying for higher qualifications, and your ambition will be a factor in your favor, especially if young.	★ If dissatisfied with your home-making efforts, improve your score by joining a class, attending demonstrations, or reading intensively. You profit by new ideas.	★ Whether it is a house-party or just a trip for the day to beach or hills, you and the one you love best are likely to have many enjoyable adventures along the road.	★ Since you wish to do something creative rather than temporary, investigate any suggestions that could give you a lead. You may be on the eve of a big discovery.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in a sound programme.	★ The management of your finances will be the main problem you have to consider, and how to gain the best possible results with what you have. Don't drive yourself too hard.	★ This week favors the home dresser, milliner, decorator, and all domestic arts and crafts. Economy is your motive for extra effort, so proceed cautiously.	★ That little cloud may be swelling up into a storm of hurt feelings and mutual reproaches. Disentangle the snarl with a heart-to-heart talk. You'll feel happier.	★ Raising funds for an organization is hard work, and your only reward is the feeling of having accomplished something worth while for the less fortunate.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in personal relationships.	★ Whatever work you are doing, it will go faster and be more enjoyable if you can do it in company. If a housewife, arrange for sewing or similar tasks with a neighbor.	★ There may be a little party or a family celebration. If you make preparations yourself, try to give your table-setting and the food a novel twist.	★ Some of you have been invited to a function and the beloved has been left out. This is a delicate situation calling for tact. The hostess may not know your friend.	★ You and the boy-friend or marriage partner may step out. A romantic atmosphere could color your social activities and bring happiness.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 21	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thursday. Luck in a job well done.	★ Those who are hunting for a job will find interest in the work, which in itself may not be glamorous but is essential to the community. It offers scope for your talents.	★ Home and garden may be swept through by a whirlwind. Old possessions are likely to go by the board. Later you might change your mind and salvage a few.	★ The social merry-go-round may have tired you both out, making you crotchety through lack of sleep. Call off dates for a few days until your mood improves.	★ Energetic action in connection with your social life may astonish those who know you best. Impatience with slow thinking could lead to a genuine shake-up.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 22 - DECEMBER 21	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, gold. Gambling colors, gold, silver. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in a romantic episode.	★ If your job appeals to your imagination this week you'll love it. You dash at those parts of it which fascinate you, and scramble through the rest. The hours fly.	★ Keep that guest-shelf filled with products that can be used to prepare a meal in a hurry. As a hostess you shine in an emergency, and win praise.	★ You float on a wave of popularity. If young and fancy free you have a wide choice of dates. There may be one preferred before all others.	★ Those of you who go in for sports are lucky. If you play any game your chances of a trophy are high. A few mild risks could pay off handsomely in kudos.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 22 - JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck close to home.	★ Some of you resign from one job and prefer to stay home for a short while before looking for another. Others may obtain paid work which can be done at home.	★ If you have recently shifted into new quarters, this should be an exciting week. Those concerned with renting a place to live have not a moment to spare.	★ A big decision may be facing you and the one you love. Your love affair either grows more serious or gradually fades out. Consider the situation.	★ Except for the neighbors and over-the-fence visiting you may take time out to relax from recent gaiety. Those of you who garden may make that a major interest.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 18	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a communication.	★ With appointments and interviews particularly important, you could spend more time than usual on the road. Do not grumble at wasted time. Do the job.	★ If a parent, you may organize a system so that children can do their homework without interruptions. Safeguard the rights of older members. You'll be the buffer.	★ If you are attending night classes for further study, seek social and romantic possibilities among classmates. Otherwise, outings with the beloved.	★ A butterfly dancing from flower to flower could not catch up with you. A series of grabs at all kinds of activities may not take you far, but it will give you plenty of fun.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 19 - MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, iridescents. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in the market-place.	★ Any business transaction agreed upon this week should be sound. You must make the most of opportunities, and, above all, be practical and realistic.	★ A few simple, practical changes involving little money but plenty of thought could make your home more comfortable. When you have the right idea carry it through.	★ If one date spends lavishly and the other is parsimonious, the free spender is not always a better matrimonial bet. You prefer practical advantages.	★ If you are a member of a committee, important proposals may require thorough discussion. Ways and means to carry out your plans could be the chief emphasis.

GRAND PRIZES in VELVET'S "Easier Living" CONTEST!

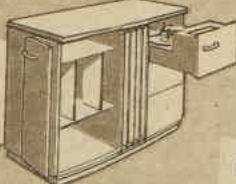


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HOLDEN SPECIAL
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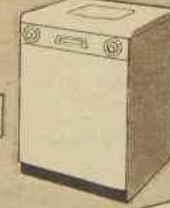


2nd PRIZE
17" STROMBERG
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TV SET

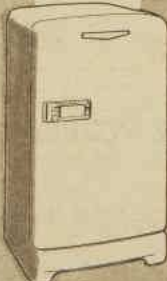
ALTERNATIVE 2nd PRIZE
STROMBERG CARLSON 'CORONATION'
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5th PRIZE
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**PLUS
50 PRIZES
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Contestants are asked to complete Aunt Jenny's rhyme about good pure Velvet

Aunt Jenny began this rhyme about Velvet, but had a little trouble with her typing and left out a few words here and there. And as for the last line of all—well, she thought that could best be left to contestants.

BIG PRIZES are waiting for contestants who fill in what the judges consider to be the most appropriate words and the best last line of the rhyme.

HERE ARE THE SIMPLE RULES

- Contestants are asked to write out the completed rhyme on a sheet of paper, together with their name and address, or fill in the spaces left in Aunt Jenny's typewritten sheet.
- Entries should be addressed to Velvet's "Easier Living" Contest, Box 7061, G.P.O., Sydney, and must arrive no later than 29th April, 1957.
- Contestants may send as many entries as they wish, each to be accompanied by a Velvet wrapper.*
- All prizewinners will be notified by mail and major prizewinners announced on "Right to Happiness" Radio Programme on 21st May.
- Entries will be judged on what are considered the most appropriate words and the best last line of the rhyme—judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
- Wrappers are not required from residents in States which prohibit their enclosure.



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Velvet soap's so thrifty, too,

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(EVEN WHEN IT RAINS)



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Mornings are brighter, spirits are lighter, when you rustle those big, golden-toasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes into the family breakfast bowls. You have more energy for the day's work and play, too, because corn soaks up more sunshine than any other grain. Start enjoying Kellogg's Corn Flakes soon. They're such an *easy* way to put a shine on your whole day!

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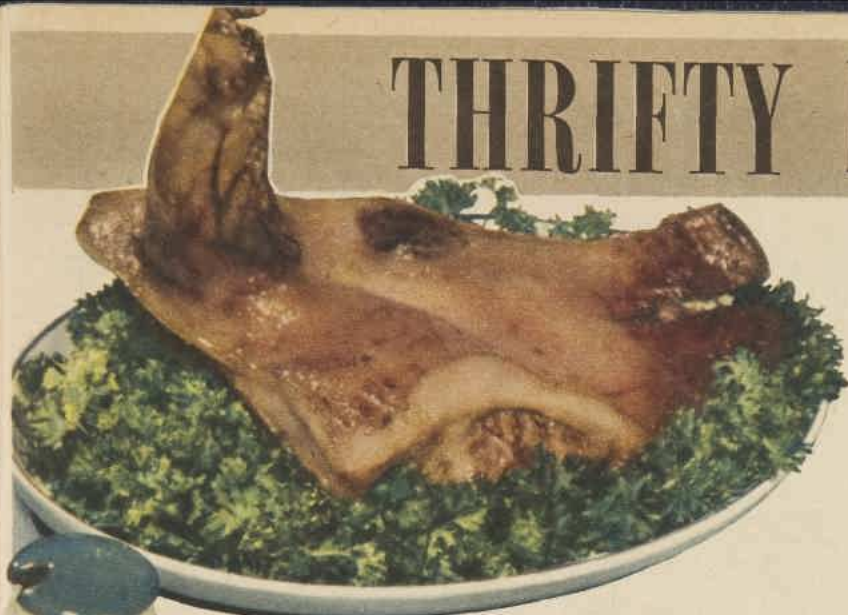


drive a car for 7 hours



THRIFTY PORK DINNERS

By **LEILA C. HOWARD,**
Our Food and Cookery Expert



SPICED PIG'S CHEEK, served hot or cold, provides a substantial meal for hearty appetites. See recipe this page.

PORK is the fattest, therefore the richest, of all meats. Long, slow cooking is essential for tender, well-flavored meals.

The recipes on this page feature fresh, pickled, and smoked cuts of pork.

All spoon measurements are level.

SAVORY MINCE AND CORN LOAF

Two pounds pork and veal mince, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. diced bacon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup whole kernel corn, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons minced onion, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons evaporated milk, 2 teaspoons salt, pepper, extra corn, carrot straws, whole onions.

Combine the mincemeat and bacon with the corn, breadcrumbs, and onion. Add the egg and evaporated milk and season with salt and pepper. Press into a greased loaf-pan and bake in a moderate oven 60 to 80 minutes. Turn on to a serving-dish, surround with heated corn, cooked carrot straws, and boiled whole onions.

SWEET SOUR PORK

One and a half pounds lean pork cubes cut from cheeks, hocks, shoulder, etc., 2 tablespoons fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 tin sliced pineapple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons corn-flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon soy sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked beans, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked, sliced onion, 1 packet chow-mein (egg) noodles.

Melt fat in pan, brown pork slowly. Add water, cover pan, and simmer $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ hour until tender. Drain pineapple, reserving syrup. Combine brown sugar, pineapple syrup, cornflour, vinegar, soy sauce, and salt. Cook over low heat until thick, stirring continuously. Pour over hot pork. Add beans, onions, and a few slices of pineapple cut into cubes. Stand over very low heat for 10 minutes. Serve on a bed of fried noodles with slices of pineapple as a garnish.

To Cook Noodles: Drop into boiling salted water, cook 5 minutes. Drain thoroughly, place on a flat tray to dry overnight if possible. Deep-fry in hot fat or oil until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper, serve piping hot.

HOCKS AND SAUERKRAUT

Six pork hocks, 4 cups water, 1 small onion, 1 small carrot, 1 stalk celery, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon salt, 3 cups sauerkraut, 2 red apples (cored and cut into quarters), 2 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water.

Place hocks in water with sliced onion, carrot, celery, and seasonings. Bring slowly to the boil, simmer $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours, depending on size. Place in a casserole with the sauerkraut and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Place butter and brown sugar in a pan, heat slowly until butter is melted, stirring continuously. Add water and heat to boiling, add apple pieces, and simmer 1 minute. Remove pieces and use as a garnish with sauerkraut and hocks.

Note: Sauerkraut can be purchased at most delicatessen shops. For home-made sauerkraut, shredded cabbage is sprinkled heavily with salt, set aside 1 hour, and drained. Then it is marinated in a pickling mixture of 1 cup vinegar, 5-6 peppercorns, and 4 cloves. It should then be pressed down firmly and allowed to stand for at least a fortnight.

To cook it, braise in a small quantity of fat with sliced onions.

BAKED STUFFED SPARERIBS

Three to four pounds spareribs of pork, 2 teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, 2 cups fresh breadcrumbs, 2 cups chopped apple, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion, 1 clove garlic, 1 egg or 2 tablespoons milk, dripping.

If possible, purchase or order the spareribs to be cut in two equal lengths. Wipe clean and rub over with half the salt, pepper, and flour.

Mix together the breadcrumbs, apple, onion, and crushed garlic in a basin. Add rest of flour, pepper, and salt and mix to a soft dough with the egg or milk. Pile on to one of the pieces of spareribs, top with the other piece, and press well down, securing with string skewers if necessary. Melt 2 tablespoons dripping in a baking-dish, place meat in dish and baste well. Brown quickly in a hot oven for 10 minutes. Reduce heat to moderate and bake $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours, turning once or twice to ensure even browning. Serve hot with baked potatoes and green vegetables.

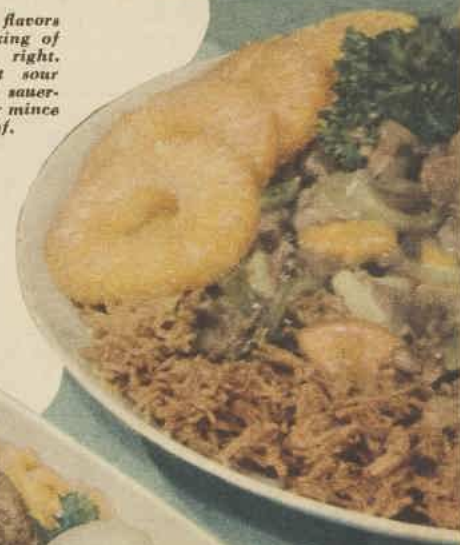
SPICED PIG'S CHEEK

One pig's cheek, 2 pints water, 1 sliced onion, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 6 peppercorns, 4 cloves, 1 bayleaf.

Trim the pig's cheek and ear and place in a baking-dish. Pour over the water which has been warmed with the onion, vinegar, and flavorings. Place in a moderately slow oven and bake for $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 hours. Baste the meat frequently with the liquid to ensure a soft skin. Drain off all liquid, replace in oven for 10 minutes. Serve surrounded with parsley. Serve a separate bowl of apple sauce.



A VARIETY of flavors go into the making of the dishes at right. They are sweet sour pork, hocks and sauerkraut, and savory mince and corn loaf.



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Architect's Diary

To furnish a boys' bedroom

By Sydney architect W. J. McMURRAY

● Mrs. R. J. Harley, of Tasmore, South Australia, has submitted a layout of a rather awkwardly shaped bedroom she is finding difficult to furnish for her two young sons.

THE room is small to furnish for two occupants. It measures 10ft. 9in. wide, with one side wall 12ft. 6in. long, the other 14ft. 6in.

Mrs. Harley wants as much built-in furniture as possible, including a wardrobe, a desk, and a dressing-table.

First, a wardrobe in the 6ft. 9in. recess (indicated by figure 4 in the plan) would give ample hanging space. More storage space can be provided by extending the wardrobe to the ceiling with an extra set of doors.

By placing the sliding doors slightly to one side of the wardrobe, a built-in desk will fit under the existing window.

The desk can be constructed economically with a sheet of 1in. solid core, secured on cleats both to the wall and the fixed panel of the wardrobe. Support the end of the desk nearest the bed on a matching piece of solid core and secure it to the floor with hardwood dowels.

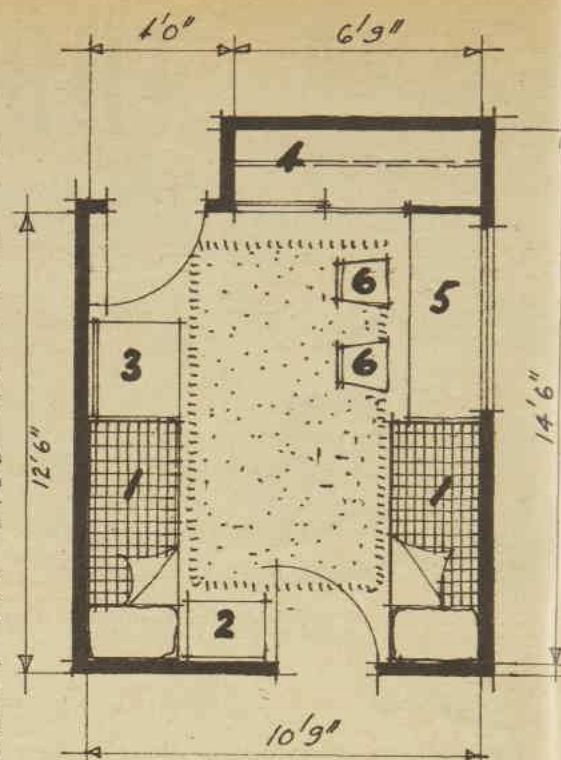
Instead of a dressing-table, I suggest a low chest-of-drawers with a mirror in a frame fixed on to the wall. These drawers can be deep enough for toy storage while the children are young and later will give extra clothing space.

Fixed platform-type beds, with either foam rubber or inner-spring mattresses, will give more drawer space under the beds.

The walls next to the beds can be panelled effectively with natural coachwood plywood—more durable than plaster in this position.

The bedside fitment (figure 2 in the plan) could be a little larger than usual, with room for magazines and books.

A suitable color scheme for a boy's bedroom: Ceiling, olive-green; walls, pastel green; woodwork, coachwood with white trim; linoleum, mottled beige; curtains and bedcovers, white, rust, and yellow check pattern; chairs, yellow plastic upholstery; floor rug, rust.



SUGGESTED LAYOUT for the Harley boys' bedroom: 1, 2ft. 6in. wide beds; 2, bedside fitment; 3, drawer fitment and toy storage; 4, wardrobe hanging space; 5, desk fitment; 6, chairs. This layout provides for plenty of storage space.

Miss Precious Minutes says . . .

HERE are some hints that will save the time and energy of every mother whose children get into mischief, especially during school holidays.

GIVE your children a treat by filling a drawer with candy, nuts, cakes, etc. Permission to go to this drawer can be a very effective reward.

WHEN a child gets an attack of hiccups, try giving him a piece of loaf sugar or a teaspoon of vinegar.

IF your child gets indelible pencil all over his clothes, they can be cleaned by rubbing the marks with alcohol. Then wash in warm soapy water.

IF there is no permanent place in the home where your son can keep his electric-train outfit, make it movable by putting it on 3in. composition board on casters. It then can be rolled under his bed when not in use.

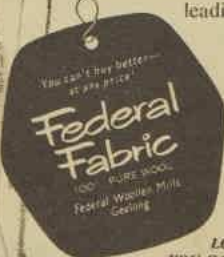
TO save that mad scramble looking for matching galoshes, clip each pair together with a spring-back peg.

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Take a look at any group of people passing by. There are always one or two who stand out because their clothes look just right. There's more to that look than style and cut. Good fabric makes the most of any fashion, holds the shape, gives lasting comfort.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1957



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AT ALL CHEMISTS BOTTLE

Everyone who likes to do odd jobs around the house—from renewing a tap-leasher to building a garage—should get the new monthly magazine, "Practical Householder," obtainable from all newsagents, price 2/6.



Coffee in the Living Room

Whether you're dining formally or informally, it's always more pleasant to enjoy your after-dinner coffee in the comfort of your living room. And the coffee to serve is... Nescafé. Nescafé makes perfect coffee—100% pure coffee of roaster-fresh flavour and aroma. Yet it's so easy to make—no brewing, no straining, no fuss.

After-dinner coffee is customarily served black, but when it comes to creamed coffee (a favourite with us all!), then "cream" it with Ideal Evaporated Milk. Nescafé with Ideal makes the richest, creamiest coffee imaginable.

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Meringue wins £5

• A large Pavlova meringue requiring only one egg wins first prize this week.

THE prizewinning sweet is simple to make, keeps its shape while baking, and dries with a smooth, fine texture.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded to a recipe for chocolate sago cake.

ONE-EGG PAVLOVA

One egg, 7/8 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons boiling water, pinch salt, pinch cream of tartar, coloring.

Place all ingredients except coloring in basin that is standing in saucepan of boiling water, and beat over heat until stiff and shiny (approximately 7 minutes). Add coloring, and pipe or spoon on to a scone-tray covered with greaseproof paper (the type used in breakfast cereals is ideal). Cook in slow oven approximately 2 hours until firm on top and slightly soft underneath. Fill with fruit salad and cream.

First prize of £5 to Enid Box, 17 Alfay St., East Brighton S6, Vic.

CHOCOLATE SAGO CAKE

Two tablespoons sago, 1 cup water, 1/2 lb. butter or sub-



stitute, 1/2 lb. sugar, 3 eggs, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 1 teaspoon peppermint essence, 1/2 lb. plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/4 teaspoon salt.

Boil sago in water until clear, set aside to cool. Cream butter or substitute, sugar, and cocoa, add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add essence, stir in sifted flour, salt, and baking powder and lastly cooled sago. Turn into two greased 8in. sandwich-tins and bake in a moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Join with a very thin spread of raspberry jam and whipped cream. Ice

all over with peppermint-flavored frosting.

Peppermint Frosting: One tablespoon butter, icing-sugar, one egg-white, peppermint essence, green coloring.

Cream butter and enough icing-sugar to make a good spreading consistency. Beat egg-white until stiff and add to creamed mixture. Beat until smooth, adding a little more icing-sugar if required. Add essence and color pale green.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. G. M. Gregg, 41 Augusta Rd., Hobart.

FAMILY DISH

LIVER is not popular with everyone, but it can be most palatable when flavored with bacon and made into an appetising meat loaf. This family dish costs approximately seven shillings and sixpence and serves four or five.

LIVER LOAF

One lamb's fry or 1/2 lb. liver, 1/2 lb. sausage meat, 1/2 lb. bacon, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 1/2 cups cooked rice, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk, salt, pepper, 1 small onion.

Soak lamb's fry or liver in cold salted water 1 hour, drain, pat dry, then skin; cook in hot water 5 minutes. Cool, mince or chop finely. Add sausage meat, chopped bacon (rind removed), sauces, rice, beaten egg, milk, salt, pepper, and chopped onion. Pack into greased loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot or cold.

YOU AND YOUR BABY

WE are pleased to announce that the fifth revised and enlarged edition of "You and Your Baby," by our mothercraft nurse, Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A., is now on sale.

This modern parentcraft book contains good advice to young fathers as well as mothers. It not only deals very fully with the pre-natal and post-natal periods (illustrating very clearly the special exercises which should then be done) but gives detailed advice on the feeding and care of the baby from birth to one year.

Country mothers who live too far away from a Baby Health Centre to attend it regularly have found the book an invaluable guide.

Following is an extract from

one of the many letters of appreciation we have received: "I must tell you what a comfort and real source of information your book has been to my daughter, whose baby is now 11 months old, and I should like to order one for my daughter-in-law, who is expecting her first baby."

Copies of "You and Your Baby" are obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from booksellers and newsagents in the capital cities.

The price of this revised edition is 15/- plus 9d. postage. When ordering, please print names and addresses clearly.

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"The Most Irritable Woman Ever known," Mother says

"I'm quickly becoming the most irritable woman in this neighbourhood," said a young mother, last week. "I don't know what's wrong with me. I've never been like it before. I adore my husband and kiddies yet I find myself snapping their heads off just because the children get healthily boisterous at times. I'm starting to get really worried about it."

Someone should tell her. She's suffering from nervous tension; suffering as far too many other men and women are. Her body and nerve cells need concentrated nourishment. They need Sanatogen. A course of Sanatogen would nourish her nerves back to full health. Sanatogen contains concentrated amounts of protein together with phosphorus. These essential nutrients exercise a high, lasting tonic action, not only on the nervous system, but on the body as a whole.

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OXFORD BLEACH

The product with the stainless reputation

OXFORD BLEACH

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kind which has curious echoes. It was twenty minutes to seven. Another half-hour had passed, and the fat woman had taken her pillow in from the window-sill, when the expected echoes came. From within her room she heard the knocker rattling again at Number 11, and went and leaned out again to see who this might be.

The affair was seriously interesting. Here were several people now, a young man and a girl standing at the centre of the street and looking up at the house together, an older man plying the knocker, two more looking on expectantly and straining their ears after a movement within. The young couple looked like foreigners to her, but all the others were police officers. She called down to them:

"There's nobody in, all the family are at the Fair." And when all their startled eyes had flashed upward to where she hung vast and curious in the upper window, she went on with relish: "You're not the first to come asking for the Lesoulis tonight. There was a girl here after them only half an hour ago, and she had no luck, either."

"A girl?" The Inspector exchanged a rapid glance with Jonathan, and his voice sharpened into eagerness. "What was she like, this girl? Did you know her?"

"No, but she knows them, all right. A big young woman, in a green dress. You'd call her good-looking, hair like red wheat—"

"That's Mariannel!" said Jonathan, leaping at the identifying glory.

"Half an hour ago? And you told her they were at the Fair, as you've told us? Was she alone?"

"Alone and not alone," the now vastly intrigued woman answered, and looked along the street to the doorway out of which the shadower had emerged so silently.

"She thought she was alone, but there was a man following her. When she went off towards the fairground, he appeared from back there, and went after her. He was keep-

Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

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ing a safe distance between them—if he'd wanted, he could have overtaken her at any time. But it was her he was following. She didn't know it, but I knew it."

"And this man? Describe him, if you please!"

She did so, with exactness and appreciation. She had an eye for a fine figure of a man, and preferred them blond. By the time she had detailed his physical beauties there was no mistaking Johann Eisinger.

"So she was clear of him," said Jonathan, with excitement, "or thought she was."

"A moment! Madame, for whom did she ask, this girl? For which member of the Lesoulis family?"

"She wanted the son, Monsieur Jean-Marie. What did she think, that a boy of twenty-two is going to come out of the army and spend his first evenings sitting quietly at home while the Wine Fair is on? Go there, I told her, you'll find him on the fairground."

The name echoed and re-echoed like the tone of a bell in Jonathan's memory, and added upon the instant a new shape to the whole confused problem.

Somewhere at the back of his mind he was beginning to construct from these several broken images an understandable picture. He looked up at the woman in the window, for it seemed to him that one more urgent question remained to be asked.

"Madame, how far away was the man when you spoke with her about Jean-Marie? Could he possibly have overheard the name?"

It might not even mean anything to him if he did hear it, but there was a terrible possibility that it would mean all too much, the end of complacency, the beginning of desperation.

"No, Monsieur, I do not think so. Sound carries here, it is true, but with confusing echoes; and he was only just within the street at that time.

"It seems we also must make for the fairground," said the Inspector, setting off purposefully along the darkening street. "Come, we shall make our dispositions, there is no time to lose."

The Inspector and his party plunged into a short street close to the old Douane, and the music came out in a great gust.

Only a few yards behind them the Grand Rue lay quiet and deserted, but here they were suddenly enfolded in light and glitter and sound, and engulfed in a stream of people.

The Inspector led them briskly in through the turnstiles by the paybox, and there on their right lay the Market Halls, now the Wine-Tasting Halls, and before them stretched the open fairground, wide and clamorous and thronging with people.

The charm of lights made the sky seem suddenly cobalt, and the hour deepest night, though it was scarcely dusk; and the din of voices and

music was bewildering after the outer silence.

But the Inspector, drawing them after him, made straight for the entrance of the Wine Halls, and buttonholed the middle-aged woman who sat in a booth just within, with a tray of tasting glasses before her.

The first great room was divided into booths, ringed round with wooden counters and stacked with bottles and casks, where the various wines of Alsace might be tasted in turn, Sylvaners, Traminers, Tokays, Zwickers, Muscats, Pinots, Rieslings, all served by young girls in Alsatian dress. In the centre was a flower-ringed fountain playing into a wide circular bowl, where a few industrious tasters were rinsing their glasses between assays.

Beyond opened a vista of restaurant tables, trellised round with flowers, and somewhere out of sight a band was playing lustily, fine galloping waltz tunes and marches, full of bass thunder.

Hilary looked round her with wonder and delight, for-

getting for a moment the urgency of the need which had brought them here.

"What happens?" she asked instinctively. "You come in here and get a glass from that box by the door—and then what? What are those tickets they have there in rolls?"

"You buy as many tickets as you like at ten francs a time, and give whatever the fixed rate is for the particular wine you want to taste. Two tickets a glass, or three, or four if you want the vintage wines—"

"Observe it, if you please," said the Inspector, coming up suddenly at her shoulder, "from within the booth. Will you do this for us? You know both Mademoiselle Becher and Eisinger, I would like you to become for this evening a seller of those tickets—or if you prefer you shall retail the glasses, that will be easier for you—and to watch for either of these people."

"I shall leave one of my men here in the hall, always with an eye upon you. Whenever you see either of our hares, you will signal to him by taking off your kerchief."

"My kerchief?"

"Madame here will dress you. Please! Everyone who comes to the Wine Fair must at some time come in here, probably will come repeatedly, therefore Mademoiselle Becher, if she has not already found Monsieur Lesoulis, will certainly seek him here. And where she comes Eisinger will come. My men do not know them by sight, but you do, and we have need of you."

He had need, too, thought Jonathan, of a relatively safe place to which this volatile child might be confined without wasting her enthusiasm or hurting her feelings; and in one of those booths among the glasses she could hardly come to any harm.

Hilary went away delightedly with the smiling woman, and reappeared in a few minutes in a long red skirt banded with black, a wide-sleeved blouse of white, and a tightly laced little



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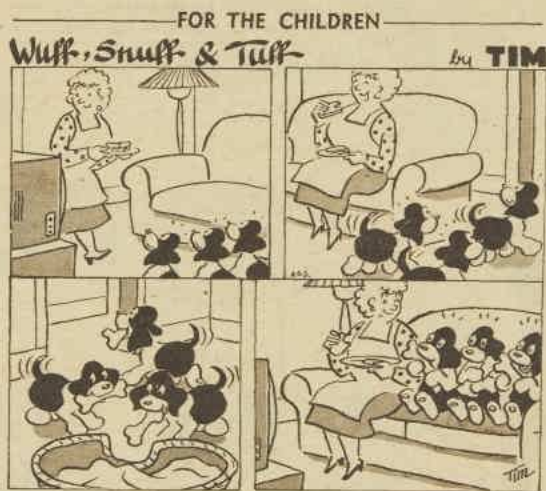
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To page 57

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black bodice over it, with a handkerchief knotted round her neck and winged red cap on her head.

She was so transformed in this graceful dress, Jonathan thought, so instinctively modulating her own manner to match it, that he wondered if Eisinger would recognise her even if he bought a glass of wine from her.

"So, that is well!" said the Inspector approvingly. "Remain here in the booth with Madame, she will take care of you. If you see either of the people we want, make your signal. Do not trouble to try to see where my man is. It will be for him to have his eye always upon you."

He waited only a moment, to see Hilary installed, wonderfully dignified, serious, and demure behind her tray of tasting glasses. Then he took Jonathan by the arm and drew him back quickly towards the open air, where the soft, greenish-blue darkness was falling tenderly.

"I have the entrance covered," the Inspector said, "and all unofficial ways in and out will be watched. Eisinger had a certain local celebrity at the time of the La Croix affair, his face will be known vaguely to some of my men from a few old newspaper pictures, perhaps. But you are the only person who will know both of them at sight."

"I wish you to make this whole fairground your beat, Monsieur Craig. Go through it carefully, and if you find either of them, use your discretion. If you can be sure that for the moment she is safe from attack, blow this whistle and bring us running. If not—"

"He has a gun," said Jonathan, thinking with extreme anxiety of the possible effects of desperation upon Johann Eisinger. "If he thinks everything's up with him in any case, I'm sure he'll use it. At least, I'm afraid so."

"I, too, am afraid. But remember, he will not be right on Mademoiselle Becher's heels, because he does not wish

Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

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her to know she is followed until she brings him to whatever it is he wants of her. Therefore he will keep what distance he can without losing her.

"Go and look for them. We shall be looking, too. And it will be necessary to be guided by the particular circumstances when you find them."

The Inspector was springing away, with that remarkably speedy gait of his, when Jonathan caught him by the arm for a moment. "I must tell you—it's the reason why I'm afraid he'll start shooting when the crisis comes—this Jean-Marie—"

The Inspector's shrewd, mild, uncommunicative eyes widened into candor for one revealing instant. "Monsieur Craig, I am well aware of the possible significance of Jean-Marie Lesoulier. He, too, has a certain local celebrity, that boy. It has not escaped me how curious is the coincidence, that one who runs away from Johann Eisinger should so urgently run straight to Jean-Marie."

"Be assured I have it only too well in mind what the results of such a meeting could be—if we are right in our surmises. It is why I say, use your judgment. None of us can do more."

"I already have two men who do know him, but well, hunting through this crowd for Jean-Marie himself, since the crisis will not come until Mademoiselle Becher also finds him. By which time, I hope, we shall already be at hand. Therefore, if you can find and separate her from her shadow, do it. And we, if God is good, will do the rest."

Marianne left the glare of the band and the perambulating wine-tasters of the covered hall behind her, and moved on through the noisy, shouting, glittering arcades of the trade stands, threading her way with watchful eyes through the

elbowing crowds, looking for one face.

Thousands of people, gaily colored, dressed for holiday, swirling and circling endlessly like the eddies of a river, nowhere still, nowhere waiting to be identified. Young men turning towards her delicate quarter-views of a lean young cheek and long lashes, or the back of a head of neat black hair, and drawing her after them for a few steps before they turned and showed her a face as different from the fierce, gay, self-willed face of Jean-Marie as milk from wine. Movements which deceived the eye for a moment, only to be lost for ever in the moving crowd.

She moved through the array of agricultural and viticultural machinery, hydraulic and electric presses, bottling machines, atomisers, cultivators, monstrous, brightly colored, fleshless shapes in their comparatively quiet corner, critically admired by a gently flowing stream of middle-aged professionals.

In one corner of the grounds, before a draped backcloth of black, on a large stage, artists of Radio Strasbourg were giving a variety concert before a shifting audience, who came to rest for a while on the graded benches until their weary feet were again ready for movement, and then walked on and made room for new audiences.

Marianne walked slowly along the gangways on the soft, cool turf, under the rainbow lights, searching the rows of faces for Jean-Marie's face, and failing to find it.

He would certainly not be in need of rest before morning, nor would the pretty blond singer be likely to hold his attention, but there was always the possibility that he had already encountered some more attractive girl who was also more attainable, and who wanted to sit for a while and

listen to sentimental songs. But Marianne could not find him. Jean-Marie was not there.

In the Foire Gastronomique the salesgirls leaned out from their pavilions, offering samples of chocolates, sweets, local cakes, biscuits, prepared cheeses. Marianne walked along the turf lane between them, watching everyone who lingered, everyone who passed.

In the distant corner lighted booths showed displays of furniture, ornate and expensive, radios, radiograms, electrical equipment, kitchen gadgets. Every space between these various components of the Fair was filled with flower-decked wine-restaurants. She studied the faces at every table, but still she could not find Jean-Marie.

Somewhere behind the tall stands of garden furniture there resounded curious wooden sounds, heard clearly through the conflicting music of the variety show and the Alsatian band, and punctuating the uproar of chatter and laughter.

She recognised the sound of the heavy bowls in the skittle alley, and the long rumble as the small boy in attendance rolled each ball back down the wooden trough to the players. She thrust forward through the crowd, and, circling the booths, came to the more open space where the alley was set up, the long, rising wooden ramp with the pins at the upper end, the boards to keep the shots in, the trough on one side like a primitive aerial railway.

Four young men were playing. She could hear their shouts of applause and derision, and the provocative jokes with which they sought to upset one another; but she could not see them, except in rapid glimpses as they moved and threw, because of the gallery of grinning admirers they had drawn about them.

On both barriers of the alley watchers were leaning, and others crowding at their shoulders.

To page 58

Fashion FROCKS

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Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.



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There are two ways in which the laboratory-produced "antigens" can be introduced into the bloodstream. The first is by direct injection by a medical practitioner. The second is by the "oral" route—taken by mouth like ordinary medicine. This is the Lantigen method—one you can carry out yourself in comfort and convenience. When you take Lantigen 'B,' it is absorbed by the tissues of the nose, throat and small intestines. The "antigens" in Lantigen 'B' thus enter the bloodstream and lymphatic system, and at once stimulate the production of the vitally necessary "anti-bodies." From the first dose this modern, scientific oral vaccine is at work to drive out

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★ ★ ★

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Ordinary medicines fail because they do not fight the true cause of your trouble. They may give you temporary relief, but only Lantigen 'B' attacks the actual infection, neutralises the germ poisons, helps to promote immunity. No matter what treatment you have tried before, no matter how long you have suffered or how serious and stubborn your case, treatment with Lantigen 'B' may well be the beginning of a new life for you—with health and vigour fully restored.

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CANNOT HARM
THE HEART
WILL NOT INTERFERE
WITH OTHER
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ENGLAND:

First relief for Yorkshire Bronchitis sufferer

For a great many years I have been a sufferer from bronchitis. In 1942 I had a very bad time with pneumonia and this left me bronchial. I never got any relief from all the things I tried until your Lantigen 'B' was recommended. I.A., Yorkshire.

CANADA:

Catarrh Sufferer Wins Free

I have been a victim of catarrh. Nothing benefited me and was gradually growing worse, and doctors said that it had spread to my stomach.

Lantigen benefited me from about the first dose. Am on my fifth bottle now and I find it is really wonderful. Never had

any severe attacks of head colds since. I commenced taking marvellous Lantigen 'B.' M.L., Ontario.

AUSTRALIA:

Professional Fisherman's amazing story



From childhood I was a constant sufferer of chest colds. My doctor advised me to take a course of Lantigen 'B' before commencement of winter, which I have carried out, and can honestly say I have been free of colds for over 12 years. MR. E.R., Bondi, N.S.W.

ENGLAND:

Catarrh beaten

I have been a sufferer of bronchitis and catarrh for the last 20 years. I commenced using Lantigen 'B' two years ago and am now using my third bottle, but I am so much improved that I have only been absent from my business two days in two years. J.E.M., Stoke-on-Trent.

AUSTRALIA:



NEW ZEALAND:

Wonderful relief for Catarrh

Having noticed an advertisement in the paper some time ago recommending Lantigen 'B' for sufferers of catarrh, I am now taking my third bottle, and I can hardly thank you enough for this wonderful relief that I have been afforded through this medicine. I was also very subject to colds, but since I have taken Lantigen 'B' I have only had one cold, which was very slight and of short duration. I have felt better generally in health and now I always keep a bottle handy as I find it a great preventative against colds and flu. Mrs. W.F., Mangonui, North Auckland.

AUSTRALIA:



Champion Cyclist Smashes Bronchitis!

"I have been a sufferer of colds and Bronchitis for over 30 years. I used to cough and cough—colds always turned into Bronchitis. We tried everything, but nothing helped. I was Western Districts Cycling Champion for six years, but bronchial trouble finally beat me. I started on Lantigen 'B' in 1947, and started to get relief. I continued the treatment and have not had a cold or Bronchitis attack for over nine years. MR. G. W. B., Sydney, N.S.W.

(Originals on our files)

Medical Science Proves Value of Oral Vaccine Treatment

In the introduction to an important review of the available literature about oral vaccines, Dr. David Thomson, O.B.E., M.B., Ch.B., D.P.H., Director of the Pickett-Thomson Research Laboratory in London, and his co-workers say that, after having reviewed all the available literature about the use of oral vaccine, they are convinced that immunity can be obtained with vaccines administered by the oral route.

Dr. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal as follows:

"In my experience, the oral antigens (oral vaccines) have been mostly employed in cases of catarrhal infections, rheumatic conditions and catarrhal enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."

Continuing . . .

A Lift Into Colmar

(from page 57)

ders. Only at the playing end was there a comparatively clear space, to give them room for their approach, and for the horse-play with which they enlivened their game.

It seemed to Marianne that one of the voices, the clearest and most hilarious, the one with the sharpest turn of phrase, was hopefully familiar.

She moved round the group, quickening her pace, to reach a spot where she could see and be seen. The man who followed her, and who had walked at ease through the Fair after her with a bare three yards between his hands and her oblivious shoulder, since cover was plentiful and anonymity perfect in such a crowd, shortened his distance instinctively, his hand flying to the gun in his pocket.

It was not the voice which had given him warning, but only the sudden quickening haste of Marianne's step, the eager tension of her body and head as she craned to see over the heads of others.

He had followed her thus far in increasing doubt, even wondering sometimes if she had detected his presence, and was deliberately leading him astray. But there was nothing in her behaviour to justify such fears, and everything to convince him that she was without any suspicions.

He saw anxiety, and weariness, and excitement in his quarry, and knew that they were genuine. He could not have miscalculated; she must be looking for her evidence.

His only mistake had been in estimating where she would have to look for it, the stalker told himself. And that, after all, did not matter. All that mattered was that if Marianne knew where to find it, he should be there when she located it; and if she could not find it again, then in any case it no longer constituted a threat to him.

He saw her shoulders thrust forward urgently between the strolling women who barred her way, and quickened his own pace, slipping silently within touch.

She did not feel his nearness. Here one moved in constant contact with some other human body, and all her senses were concentrated upon the players. Between burly shoulders she caught a glimpse of the man who was about to bowl, a dark young face, a flashing grin. Then he stepped back, swinging his bowl, measuring the distance, and lunged forward the few crouching steps to the mark.

For one instant Marianne forgot that her loneliness was hemmed about with so many witnesses. She darted forward, crying out his name in a gasp of joy: "Jean-Marie!"

The eyes of the players sprang to her face. They fell back a step from Jean-Marie's run, and left him balanced on the edge of the ramp, the ball swinging back weightily in his hand, his eyes staring astonished at the girl who launched herself towards him through the crowd.

He saw and recognised the red-gold hair, the familiar and welcome face, and gaped at the pallor of her cheeks and her look of strain, and the excessive note of joyful relief in her voice.

Over her shoulder, closely and clearly, he saw another face, one which after so many years he might have passed by without recognition, but for that startling cry. It was a handsome, large-boned face, brown and strongly moulded, with light blue eyes flaring pallidly in it, and a mouth drawn long and thin, tensed for action.

The pale eyes followed the girl's gaze, and found there no meaning for her cry, but knew that there was indeed a meaning, and that it was life and death to divine it quickly.

Jean-Marie halted, rocking on his forward foot, tensing his fingers in the shaped holds to sustain the weight of his bowl. His vivid face flamed into knowledge and triumph. He yelled: "Reuttele!"

THEN everything happened at once. Agonised intelligence leaped up in the pale eyes, and despair and rage after it. The owner of the eyes did not know this boy, but this boy knew him, and became in that instant a thousand times more dangerous than Marianne Becher, who only suspected.

He sprang forward and caught her in his left arm, pinning her arms to her body, and dragging her against him with such violence that the breath was crushed out of her; and behind this shield he dragged out the gun and took aim at Jean-Marie.

Marianne hacked backward at his ankle with the heel of one sandal, and he played out his foot at the very moment of firing to avoid the threat to his balance.

She gave a short, angry cry of warning, and grief, and despair, because it was she who had unwittingly brought this danger upon her cousin. Like a fool, like a child, believing in appearances, trusting people too readily. And now there was nothing for Eisinger to do but shoot his way out, and nothing either she or the unarmed boy could do to stop him.

All round them people started back with alarmed shouts from the sudden violence and the sight of the gun. But Jean-Marie, his hair on end and his eyes glittering, sprang not back but forward, launching his bowl before him along the ground between them, and hurling himself after it.

The bowl struck Eisinger's braced left foot, swept it from under him, and brought him down in a heavy fall, dragging Marianne with him, just as he fired.

The bullet tore a furrow across the outer side of Jean-Marie's arm on a level with the heart, ripping the rolled-up sleeve of his pearl-grey shirt to ribbons, but he did not even feel the graze.

He made a long spring, and kicked at the right hand which was struggling to bring the gun to bear for a second shot; and to protect himself, Eisinger was forced to relax his grip of Marianne. Jean-Marie caught her by the arm and waist, and dragged her clear, and with all his weight fell upon his enemy.

They rolled over and over upon the ground, the boy levering the other man's gun-hand strongly away from him, frightened women scattering with screams from its threshing motions; and but for the delayed but copious flow of his own blood down Jean-Marie's grazed arm the fight might have ended there.

The startled crowd was drawing breath, a few quick spirits had begun to move in with the sensible intention of separating the combatants and disarming the one with the gun, but increasing numbers of others, drawn by the shot, had rushed up behind them and were jostling for a sight of what was happening.

With the released flow of

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LONICERA, or honeysuckle, as it is commonly named, is a strong-scented climber which is suitable to any climate and which can be planted in spring. Among the attractive varieties obtainable are *aurea reticulata*, *caprifolium*, *Halleana*, and *sinensis*.

Ornamental vines

● No garden can be considered complete unless bare paling fences are softened by climbing greenery or by vines that flower in season.

YET few really good vines are seen in small gardens.

In Australia's cooler climates much use is made of virginia creeper and other members of the vitis family, which are all related to the grape.

Although deciduous (leaf losing), the vitis or ampelopsis vines are among the most beautiful of autumn-coloring species. The variety *A. henryana* has leaves of a soft purplish-green with a silver midrib and an attractive network of pink-and-white markings along the veins.

The best position for this variety is a shady fence or wall, which brings out the finest variegation in the foliage.

Not to be outdone by its other relatives, which include *A. alicante bouchet* (brilliant red in autumn) and the original virginia creeper *A. veitchii* (self-clinging), *A. henryana* takes on a warm, glowing red at summer's end.

They are all most accommodating vines, and grow readily and vigorously in almost any sort of soil.

Beginners should bear in mind that most vines are merely tall or climbing shrubs, with very deep root

systems. Many are inclined to sucker and practically all are hungry and thirsty.

For that reason they should be given plenty of space between individuals of their own kind and nothing valuable should be planted too close.

Honeysuckle (*Lonicera*) is a popular vine, a fast grower, and easy to handle.

The best of the climbers are *Lonicera aurea reticulata*,

GARDENING

which has yellow-and-pink trumpet-shaped flowers; then come *L. caprifolium* (yellow and pink) and *L. sinensis* (yellow, white, and red).

Bignonias are usually grown in N.S.W. coastal gardens for covering fences, walls, and old dead stumps.

There are a dozen or more on the market, but the more vigorous should be avoided, as they sucker badly and soon get out of hand.

Wistaria does best where plenty of water is available. It grows into tree-like proportions after a few years and needs strong supports and regular pruning. It will do well in almost any soil.

Some of the best to use in hot positions where frosts are unknown are the lovely Rangoon creeper (*quissqualis*), which has pale pink flowers that darken to red with age, the chalice vine (*Solanandra nitida*), which bears cup-sized golden, waxy blooms, the potato vine (*Solanum wendlandii*), which has blue flowers, and *Antigonon leptopus* (coral vine).

They all need some protection until well established.

Where evergreen vines are required for permanent effects, plant a *Rhynchospermum jasmynoides*. This is hardy in all but the very coldest climates.

For a sunny, frost-free position, few climbers are brighter than *Petrea volubilis*, which bears lilac bracts with a purple corolla on long racemes.

Stephanotis floribunda is a crank, but if given a well-protected spot will flower along the eastern coast from Sydney to Rockhampton.

In cold districts the stephanotis needs to be grown in a deep tub under glass. It is very frost tender, and even in hot climates will often refuse to flower if the temperature constantly changes and the moisture supply is poor.

As climbers for the most part have deep rooting systems, and have to stand in the one position for years, a little more than ordinary care in the soil feeding and preparation is necessary.

Dig in plenty of humus, either in the form of leaf-mould, rotted vegetable matter, or old animal manure, and break up any hard pan or subsoil before planting.

Many vines, including the coral vine, Rangoon creeper, chalice vine, *Akebia quinata* (Japanese bell vine), *Bauhinia scandens*, and *Stephanotis*, should be planted out while the soil, air, and water are still warm.

They invariably die if planted out during winter, but given an early start develop woody stems that withstand cold snaps.

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Continuing . . .

Gardener's ABC

REVERSION: Throwing back or degeneration. The appearance in a plant of characters not found in either of its parents, but found in remote ancestors. Frequently occurs in cucurbits such as rockmelons, pumpkins, and others.

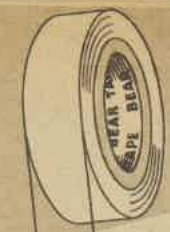
RHIZOME: A thick, woody, stem-like root, such as that of the bearded iris.

RIDGING: Throwing the soil up in ridges.

ROSETTE: A close arrangement of leaves about a shortened stem. Rose-like in formation. *Echeveria* is an example.

ROOT CROPS: Crops that grow below the ground, such as carrot, parsnip, potato, turnip, and beetroot.

ROTATION OF CROPS: A system of sowing crops to get best results from the same piece of ground. Beans, for instance, should be followed by a root crop like carrots, not peas.



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Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

from page 58

blood, numbness surged down to Jean-Marie's thin, whalebone wrist, and when the blood reached his fingers he lost his grip in the slippery struggle and Eisinger drew up a foot suddenly, kicked him off viciously and sprang clear.

The boy's head struck loudly against the corner of the skittle alley and he rolled over in the grass and lay dazed for a few minutes hugging his body in rocking arms and smearing himself with his own blood.

Taking advantage of the moment when all eyes were on his opponent and half a dozen people were running forward to pick him up, Eisinger darted swiftly round the skittle alley and plunged into the crowd. When they turned to secure him, fighting their way through the hampering questions and clawing arms of those who had only just come pouring on to the scene, he had already vanished and no one knew in which direction.

Jean-Marie put his head in through the doorway of the small retiring-room reserved for the use of the girl attendants and cast a glittering eye over the little group gathered round Marianne.

She was seated in a chair borrowed from the garden exhibits, with a rest for her feet and a cushion for her back, and Jonathan, Hilary, and the Inspector were all bending solicitously over her.

"She is not hurt?" demanded Jean-Marie, tensed as though he had just alighted in the doorway from flight and in an instant would soar away again. "She will be all right? I am sorry I had to be rough, but the matter was urgent."

"Yes, she'll be all right now, there's no damage," The Inspector attempted to arrest the impending flight by means of an authority which scarcely held good with wild creatures like this one. "Monsieur Lesoulie, we need your statement."

"We need Reutte far more," said Jean-Marie insubordinately, and turned in one violent and graceful movement to return to his hunt. The left sleeve of his handsome shirt dangled from the slit of his wound, heavy with blood.

Hilary cried protestingly after him, "But your arm!"

He halted for an instant, astonished, his black eyes fastening with pleased surprise upon her indignant face. He had never seen her before and what she was doing in this affair, with her local dress and her English voice, and her purposeful excitement the mirror of his own, was more than he could guess.

He had not even time just now to take pleasure in her, though the momentary glimpse promised him future pleasure.

"It is nothing!" he said contemptuously, glancing down in derision at his wound, and incontinently vanished before anyone else could interfere with his plans.

Hilary gazed after him with shining eyes. Such singleness of purpose she could understand and appreciate. He was right; what mattered now was to capture Eisinger—Eisinger, Reutte, whatever his name might be. There would be time enough for tidying up the details of the story afterwards.

Besides, she had nothing more to contribute to the records, her part was already done. Marianne was here in safety, and all over the fair-ground police were hunting the man with the gun. They no longer needed her, surely she could go and join in the hunt?

By the time Jonathan remembered and looked round for her a few minutes later, Hilary was already darting between the benches of the

variety theatre, following with excited joy the strategic dispositions of Jean-Marie, who was directing a party of his friends, recruited apparently in one flashing glance, in the quartering of the auditorium.

The din of the Fair continued with mounting gaiety and contained this as capaciously as all its other activities. The soubrette on the stage sang, undisturbed, a perky little number about the potent wines of Alsace and their effect upon a shy young lover. Only a handful of all those gathered here in the glittering, noisy night even knew that the police were combing the fairground for a killer with a gun.

HILARY watched the hunters moving methodically between the benches, searching every face that turned towards them as they passed; in a kaleidoscope of movement and color their movements were swallowed up. She forgot that she had left Jonathan bending over Marianne's chair with a glass of wine in his hand and a lover's anxiety in his face. She had probably never been quite so happy in her life.

"She wishes," said the Inspector, marking the defection of one of his helpers, "to be in at the finish. To her we have already become a little dull, the action is more than the motives. Well, she at least is of no interest to Eisinger now, and young Lesoulie is by no means a fool and can, I hope, look after himself. At least he will not permit us to do it for him."

"Do you feel strong enough now to tell me how all this began?" For I think, Mademoiselle Becher, that it began with you."

"Yes, I am all right now; I want to tell you," Marianne put away Jonathan's ministering hand very gently, letting her fingers rest with a warm pressure upon his wrist. "Thank you, I am really quite well, I was only shaken, Jonathan, will you stay? I would like you to listen."

"Of course! Unless they need me—"

"We have men all round the ground," said the Inspector. "He cannot get away, it is only a matter of time. Sit down, I think you may be needed here rather than with them."

"I must say again," began Marianne in a calm voice, "that it was intended I should marry this man. It was the wish of my father, and of his adopted father, and I think it was as much for a memorial to their sons as for a practical joining of their properties. I grew up knowing him, and having that idea always before me."

"He seemed to me a pleasant person, you see he was good to look at, older than I, but not by too many years—why should I not accept such a match? To-day I went with my parents to his home, and today the engagement was to be formally announced."

"Nothing would have happened if the day had been wet. That's strange, isn't it?" she asked wonderingly. "For then we should all have been together indoors. But today everyone sat in the garden, and so it was that when I found I had no cigarettes I went alone into the house to get some."

"There was a box on his desk in the sitting-room. It is out of sight from the lawn, and I was in there alone for the first time. I wonder if you can understand? I opened his desk and began to look what he had in it, and also to consider carefully the photographs he kept upon it."

"I knew so little about him,"

Marianne added, "although I had known him so long. I was not in any doubt, I did not have any qualms. Only I was curious. It was not that I found his life in any way suspicious, it was only somehow too empty of women. It had not occurred to me before that he was by no means a man who would be without experience, but since now I was entering into a real engagement—"

"He had a photograph of his father—I mean his adopted father—in one of those chromium frames on his desk. You know the kind, two side holders contain the card and glass, the top is free."

"It was a thick card. I don't know why I looked at it so carefully, but I saw that this thick card was divided by a hair-line, as though two cards had been stuck together. I drew it out, and it seemed to me by a mere shade thicker within than at the edges. I took a penknife from the desk and separated the two cards along the bottom edge. Between them there was another photograph."

She raised her eyes, which had been lowered all this time under faintly frowning brows, and looked at Jonathan. "I thought it would be a woman. You understand? It did not matter to me, I wished only to know, to feel that I had gained some knowledge of him which could give me confidence. I was sure it would be a woman. The only other rather important thing was that I should be right in my judgment."

"But I was not right. Please, is the car of Mademoiselle Prescott here at hand? It would be good if you should see for yourself this thing I found." Jonathan looked at the Inspector. "We left it at the station. Shall I go and fetch it?"

"No need, I have already had it brought here to the parking ground. Bricquot, a moment! Will you go to the English lady's car and bring from it—Mademoiselle Becher will tell you what, and where to look for it."

"The edge of the cover on the passenger seat," she said, "is unstitched for perhaps three inches, towards the back. Underneath the cover there you will find a photograph—it was just of a size to go through, though it fitted tightly. He was sitting beside me when I put it there, I could use only one hand and could not look what I did. It was not a nice moment."

"Bring it!" said the Inspector, and the young sergeant departed at a run.

"So, then, you found that because of this photograph everything was changed. And you ran from this party, taking the photograph with you. Like Psyche," he said with a wry smile, "you made a discovery which rendered marriage impossible."

"You know, I think, what it was," Marianne said. "So, then, you can understand why I ran, why I did not go back to my mother and father and that poor old man, and say, 'Look, what I have found in Johann's possession!'"

"I had been about to marry myself to this man. I wished not to see, not to speak with, anyone who knew me, not to look in a mirror, until I had cleaned myself of him. And there was also the old man—there is still the old man—and also, though I think I did not reason about this until I had already run out by the kitchen door and left that house, you will see that even this could be explained away, that it was his word against mine."

"The men of the Maquis often played very unusual parts

To page 61

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Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

from page 60

in the course of their work, and a harmless souvenir—"She hesitated, and he was, of course, a man of the Maquis, as everyone knew. Either that, or—"

"It is well seen," agreed the Inspector gently, "that there were only two kinds of people present in the wood of La Croix that night."

Her cheeks were burning with a bitter, angry color, she closed her eyes and was silent until the sergeant came back with his find and handed it in silent excitement to his superior.

It was more eloquent than Marianne knew how to be. The Inspector placed it quietly in Jonathan's hand.

A small but excellent studio portrait, head and shoulders, cut down, perhaps, from a larger size, for it bore no trade name or mark; Johann Eisinger's arrogant, handsome face and disdainful smile stared out directly, the German uniform smooth across his broad shoulders, the upright collar with its unmistakable insignia hugging his powerful neck, the cap at the approved angle and with its front pushed up into the approved shape.

Seeing it, Jonathan felt its final appropriateness upon this head. He had seen half-naked German prisoners in England, working in the heat of sugar-beet factories, whose blond heads, like this one, constantly implied this missing part of their personality, and troubled him indefinitely with a sensation of incompleteness.

"So you set out," said the Inspector quietly, "for Colmar to find Jean-Marie. Who had seen a part of what happened that night, and who might have seen this man clearly enough to recognise him."

"And who, if you remember, had never seen Johann Eisinger. Jean-Marie was very ill for two months, and for over a year not yet well. His parents took him back with them to Nancy as soon as he could travel. It is true they moved here to Colmar nearly two years ago, but he was then already in Africa, and has only just come home.

"Consider it," Marianne hurried on, "all these years one meeting between those two people could have brought to light all this deception, but because Eisinger never heard any more about the boy he felt no anxiety. He felt quite safe. And then this!

"While I had the photograph safely I knew I could at least accuse him with a hope of making good my accusation; but if I could confront him with Jean-Marie, and Jean-Marie recognised him, then our case would be unanswerable. And as for him, when he found that I had stolen his photograph he realised at once that if he could get it back from me and destroy it, then it would not be difficult to cast doubts on anything I might say.

"A woman changing her mind about a marriage may use very odd arguments to justify herself. He thought the only real danger to him was that photograph. He did not know about Jean-Marie, so dangerous and so near."

"You think," said Jonathan, "that he was one of the Germans who did the shooting in the wood at La Croix that night?"

"It seemed to me there could be no other explanation," Marianne answered. "There were fresh troops moved in only recently from Strasbourg, his face would not be known here. When the men of the Maquis arrived, too late for a rescue but in time for their revenge, he must have known that there could be no escape. Not only from the wood, but from the logical end of the war, from defeat, no escape ever.

She continued, "I think he knew the end was very near, and preferred to cut his losses and become a Frenchman in order to survive. I imagine he changed clothes with one of the murdered men and wounded himself, and crawled into the heap of the dead.

"The effect of this undressing and dressing in the dark and in haste would not be neat. But, Jonathan, have you ever seen a heap of bodies shovelled together for common burial? The pits of the concentration camps, you remember them? A little carelessness in the arrangement of his dress would not be noticed."

Her voice was quiet and calm as if she felt it incumbent upon her not to shock him by any display of bitterness. He owed it to her to be equally practical.

"And where, then, did he hide this? And why did he keep it, in any case? It was lunatic."

"He kept it because it was his religion. It still is. I do not know, but I think he hid it somewhere in the wood, and reclaimed it long afterwards. There must have been one of those waterproof wallets soldiers carry for their personal papers, since it is not stained. The papers he left on his vic-



tim, but this he obviously could not leave to be found, and would not sacrifice unless he had to.

"I believe he acted only to preserve his life at the time," Marianne went on, "but afterwards, such love, such luck, such comfort falling into his lap quite unasked, why should he refuse them?"

"But his real allegiance was to this," She made a gesture. "Why else should he keep it? Soon he might even have been tempted to change countries again, unless the sawmills proved very profitable. There is again a future in this religion of his, it seems."

"It is perfectly evident," said the Inspector, "that Lesoulrier knows not only his face but his name, and that he recognised him immediately as an enemy. We shall get no more from him until we have our man."

"How did you get away from Eisinger when he had you?" he asked Marianne. "You had gone with him, I fully understand, because you wished to deliver Mademoiselle Prescott from any repercussions of what you felt to be entirely your problem. And you have told us how you hid the photograph. But how did you get away from him?"

She told, briefly and almost cheerfully now that the part which shamed her was already known, the story of her release by Georges.

"I did not realise that it was the only quick way he knew of locating what he wanted," she began. "He reasoned that I should make straight for where I had hidden the photograph, and no doubt when I set out at a run he felt his reason-

ing to be more than justified. He did not know about Jean-Marie, a much more lively danger to him. When I recovered this picture, he meant to be there. And he had a gun, and with a gun it is not difficult to get one's way.

"As for this Georges, there must be something that makes him consent to be Eisinger's creature in little jobs of that kind. No doubt they will turn and bite each other when they are cornered, but a few minor offences could be paid for well, and that one's conscience would not trouble him much."

The Inspector pocketed the photograph, and turned to the door, where the sergeant had reappeared and was beckoning urgently.

"I hoped for a capture before now. I must go and direct my hunt. Remain here, Made-moiselle Becher. You will be safer now that your secret is no longer a secret. If you want anything, call, the girls will hear you. Or perhaps Monsieur Craig will remain with you."

Marianne looked up into Jonathan's eyes, and said with a smile, "No, go with him, Jonathan. You know you wish to. I am quite safe now. It is almost over."

False rumors of Eisinger came flowing in from every corner of the fairground, complicating their search for him unreasonably. People who did not know him, and had only just grasped that a man was being hunted among them, nevertheless claimed to have seen him among the dancers in the Wine Hall restaurant, or perambulating the Foire Gastronomique.

Others, still in blissful ignorance, cramped the movements of the pursuers on the one occasion when he was indeed sighted, and helped him to slip once again into the complex of people gathered round the variety stage. The police, with the aid of Jean-Marie's enthusiastic army, flushed him out of there, but lost him among the artists behind the scenes.

So far Eisinger had fired only one more shot, but the fact that he had brought down a policeman with it convinced the Inspector that he was merely conserving his ammunition, not avoiding its use out of prudence or despair.

The policeman had been the only person within touch of him when he broke cover, and his survival with nothing worse than a flesh wound along his ribs was a matter of luck. It was all the more necessary, in view of the hundreds of harmless uninvolved people who might get in the way of the next bullet, to approach the gun, if not the man, with respect.

Marianne lay stretched out in her chair in the little retiring-room, her eyes closed, no longer thinking, no longer even feeling. She was aware at last of her own weariness, and content to lie at ease in it.

When she heard the quick, light step in the doorway she did not at first open her eyes, supposing that this must be Jonathan come back to reassure himself that all was well with her.

Then she heard the labored, noisy breathing of exhaustion and fear, and opened her eyes in sudden understanding upon the apparition of Johann Eisinger.

He had slid through the doorway quietly, and closed the door behind him, and was moving towards her across the bare wooden floor with lurching steps, the gun in his hand.

She fixed her eyes upon his, and laying her hands along the

To page 65

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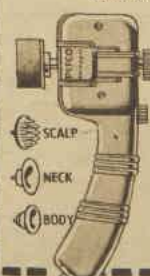
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Talking of Films

*** The Feminine Touch**
EALING'S "Feminine Touch," set against color backgrounds of Guy's Hospital in London, is a heavy pat on the back for trainee nurses.

In this film director Pat Jackson chases his arm once again with the sort of script that he exploited for all it was worth in "White Corridors," another hospital drama of a few years ago.

The original was far better. This cliché story introduces five young women as they arrive at the hospital to take up nursing as a career and then singles out two of them for special attention.

They are pretty blonde Belinda Lee, who gets off on the wrong foot by making sheep's eyes at a fancy-free house physician (George Baker), and Delphi Lawrence, a wisecracking type who frankly admits that she is out to snare a handsome, wealthy doctor as a husband.

Both end up by having to choose between love and a career.

In the meantime the camera flits restlessly from hospital wards to diet kitchens and staff rest-rooms to register some of the hardships and irritations endured by the probationer nurse.

Some of the incidents involving hospital patients are stifling.

That distinguished actress Diana Wynyard is all sincerity

and understanding as the hospital matron.
In Sydney — Embassy.

*** The Sharkfighters**
HOLLYWOOD beef-cake star Victor Mature is an actor who never flinches from the dangers that he has to face in the course of celluloid make-believe.

In "The Sharkfighters" (United Artists), a World War II adventure filmed in color CinemaScope against lush tropical backgrounds, Mature maintains this same high standard of courage.

His role in the film is that of a Navy commander in charge of a U.S. research station off the coast of Cuba who offers himself as a live bait for marauding tiger sharks during experiments.

He does this in the cause of science when it becomes imperative to put a human being into the bright blue waters of the bay to test a repellent. The repellent is designed to protect fliers who are forced to ditch their craft in shark-infested areas.

Nothing connected with the personal squabbles between the mixed-up Mr. Mature and his backroom boys merits notice. Even his moments of heroism among the sharks are somewhat flattened by the patent faking of the monsters.

But the details of the actual tests to isolate an effective repellent are quite interesting.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

A final drawback is that the picture never makes it clear whether the repellent in actual fact ever did what it was supposed to.

Newcomer Karen Steele is the handsome blonde with the Honolulu suntan who is around to comfort Commander Mature when he is off duty.

In Sydney — Esquire.

★★★ Trapeze

FINELY handled by ace British director Sir Carol Reed, "Trapeze" (a United Artists release) is a tingling spectacle of circus thrills and excitement.

Even Cecil B. DeMille, a veteran expert at this sort of thing, should be able to pick up a few pointers from the polished effects that Reed manages to extract from the mass of material that he has to work with.

Sir Carol does it with the skilled use of CinemaScope cameras, with brilliant color, and with a vivid array of circus characters.

When "Trapeze," a Hecht-Lancaster production shot almost entirely in the Cirque d'Hiver in Paris, goes behind the tinselled facade of the circus itself it is to tell a rather corny triangle story.

Strangely, this doesn't seem to matter a great deal, for by then you are quite caught up in the whole show.

Muscular Burt Lancaster is the crippled acrobat who teaches Tony Curtis, a brash youth from Brooklyn, how to master the formidable triple somersault from the flying trapeze.

Apparently the triple somersault is the last word in aerial work.

It is extraordinary how you seem literally to fly through the air along with the acrobats as they go through their breathtaking stunts just under the high dome of the big-top.

Italy's Gina Lollobrigida, in a part that is suitable to the display of her special glamor, is quite winning besides as Lola, an ambitious small-time performer who insinuates her way into the act and spoils the friendship.

Surrounding these three is the usual parade of circus types—the clowns, acrobats, equestriennes, animal trainers, and at least one dwarf.

In Sydney—Regent.

MIKE TODD, whose success with "Around the World in 80 Days" made him the talk of the movie world, is rapidly setting himself up as a movie tycoon. Ever since his film went into movie theatres Todd has been buying theatres and renovating them especially for showings of his film.

Now the energetic producer is negotiating to buy Kling Studios, where his Hollywood office is now located. Kling is the old Charlie Chaplin studio. Todd says he'll film "Don Quixote" in Spain next summer.



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FRANK SINATRA with Jeanne Crain in a scene from "The Joker Is Wild." It's the life story of Joe E. Lewis, a top-flight night-club entertainer and an old friend of Sinatra. The scar on Sinatra's cheek is an excellent make-up job.

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 ★ in "Oklahoma!" ★
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arms of the chair braced herself forward and waited for him to speak. She was aware of the necessity of fear, but not of its reality. What she felt first of all was a surprised and alert interest, a critical wonder at seeing him so changed.

He had made shift to alter his appearance by discarding, somewhere, his well-fitting light grey coat, and had put on instead a dinner-jacket, borrowed, no doubt, from somewhere behind the variety stage. It was two or three sizes too small for him, his broad brown wrists thrust out from the sleeves ludicrously, and the soft black hat he had taken to cover the fairness of his hair perched foolishly on top of the blond waves.

He moved stiffly, tremulously, like a puppet, his large, catlike gait cramped by the strain of the cloth across his shoulders. He was sweating profusely, globules of moisture standing on his forehead and upper lip, and trickling slowly into his eyebrows; and his face was a teak mask of rage and despair and hatred, all for her.

Marianne sat staring at him with lively wonder as he raised the gun and pointed it shakily at her. She could not be afraid of a creature so diminished, so ridiculous. Fear was no longer appropriate.

All she could find within her was a slight distaste, and an incredulous amusement. She watched him point the gun at her, and involuntarily she laughed, a loud, fresh, astonished sound that seemed to fill the whole space of air between them with incalculable vibrations.

He began to shake then, all over, and to shout at her in hoarse German, his voice rising to a scream. She did not recognise any of the appalling words he poured over her, but they needed no interpreter.

She knew that he was promising himself at least the satisfaction of taking her with him, and paying her in full for the ruin of all his hopes, and that he delayed the moment only to savor the taste of it in his mouth a little longer.

Continuing . . . A Lift Into Colmar

[from page 61]

His hand was shaking so wildly with the intensity of his hate that she found herself doubting if he would succeed with one shot, even at this range. Her mind examined the possibilities with a detached and orderly calm, as though the thing were happening to someone else, a long way off and a long time ago.

A flying shoulder, with all the weight of a determined body behind it, thumped the door. Feet pounded across the hall outside, a distant voice cried out, "In there—"

Eisinger sprang round, firing blindly towards the door. The bullet splintered the edge of the doorpost and buried itself deeply in the wood, missing Jonathan by more than a foot, and before Eisinger could fire again Jonathan plunged upon him in a shoulder-charge which would have got him sent off any football field.

Eisinger was flung across the room, more violently perhaps than had been intended, for his reeling run kept him out of range, and instead of coming back to the fight he regained his balance and swerved without hesitation towards the open door, intent only on escape.

Jonathan went after him in a flying tackle, but secured only a tenuous hold on one ankle, and Eisinger kicked viciously backward at his face, then broke away into the Wine Hall.

Jonathan had flung up his arm over his face, and the heel of the solid walking shoe hacked into the muscles of his upper arm, and spread an explosion of pain and numbness down to his finger-ends, but he had rolled back in time to lighten the shock, and now he went on rolling, clean over with spread elbows and hunched shoulders, and came up on to his knees by the time Marianne reached him.

She had sprung out of her strange lethargy, her inability to feel fear, the moment the gun had swung towards the doorway. She uttered a fierce cry of, "Jonathan!" and darted

forward, falling on her knees beside him, gathering him into her arm as he came up wry-faced and gasping.

"Jonathan, has he hurt you?" She felt at his bruised cheek with trembling fingers, her lips suddenly shaking uncontrollably. "Are you all right? He didn't hurt you? Oh, Jonathan—"

He came to his feet in a quick spring, flinging a reassuring arm about her. "I'm fine! Hardly touched me! But you—"

"No, really, I am all right. Oh, he must not get away now, he will fire at anyone, kill anyone."

Jonathan put her gently behind him, and ran out into the Wine Hall, which resounded with the shrieks of

Speech was given to man to disguise his thoughts.

—Talleyrand

women as the girls scattered from the gun, crouching behind their counters and the piled barrels of wine.

Eisinger had almost reached the outer doorway when Jean-Marie and the Inspector burst in, the boy running like a hound on a trail.

His very speed saved him. He saw his enemy halt and swerve, saw the gun rising, and, instead of hesitating or attempting retreat, he lowered his head and plunged onward, reaching forward with a long, hacking blow of his left hand that swept the gun downward before it could find its level.

The bullet went into the floor, and the two men were swept on the wings of Jean-Marie's headlong rush clean into the fountain, with a rending of flowers and a surge of water that spattered the floor for yards around.

The Inspector, advancing at

a run upon the locked and threshing bodies, found Hilary under his feet, and taking her unceremoniously by the shoulders pushed her into a booth out of harm's way. Eisinger was struggling to bring the gun again into play, but Jean-Marie had him by the wrist.

The older man had the advantage in weight and strength, however, and the boy was handicapped by the flesh wound in his left arm. His grip weakened before the police could reach them.

Eisinger wrenched himself aside, swinging his opponent round with a crash into the stone rim of the bowl, and sprang back until he had the solid wood of the wine-booth behind him. He was shaken and breathless, but he spread his left arm backward upon the counter to sustain his weight, and raised the gun.

Hilary, dancing in agonised excitement, recoiled for an instant from the counter as Eisinger's big body fell against it with a heavy impact. She saw the gun flung up, selecting its target in Jean-Marie's defenceless young body.

She snatched up the bottle of Traminer that stood almost full close to her side, and brought it down two-handed upon Johann Eisinger's head with all her might. And the gun did not go off.

She waited in anguish, with held breath, the endless fraction of a second while the reflexes of that tightening finger hung in doubt, and then she began, unreasonably enough, to cry.

The gun fell tamely out of the relaxing hand while Eisinger was still upright, then he slid slowly down the counter, and his sustaining arm flowed out of her sight gradually until the sprawled hand jerked over the edge and followed him with a dull, soft thump to the floor.

"His name," said Jean-Marie, "is Reutte. I saw him

To page 66

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REFILL 13/6

CREST — THE CHOICE OF PAN AMERICAN AIR HOSTESSES

plainly in the light of a torch, that night at La Croix, and I heard him called by that name. He was in charge of the party that began the shooting.

"It was a very private killing, that. Each man was led away from the group singly, and shot alone. They botched the first one. I saw this man walk up to him as he lay on the ground and shoot him again in the back of the head. I will swear to it whenever you choose to put him in court."

"You are sure there can be no mistake?" The Inspector sat gazing at the big body of the man who had been known as Johann Eisinger, whose ten-year dream of security lay in pieces about him. "It is a long time ago."

"There is no mistake." Jean-Marie also looked down at his enemy, and his thin, bright face tightened. "It may be ten years, but I have not forgotten anything about that night. There were nights when I dreamed of this man."

The soft fingers sponging the drying blood from his arm lingered coaxingly, drawing his eyes and his mind away from the memoirs that darkened both. He looked at Hilary's radiant, astonished face, still smudged with tears, at her hands which approached the bandaging of his grazed arm with the same dedicated vehemence with which they had wielded the bottle of Traminer only a few minutes ago.

They were back in the small room, and outside the closed door, incredibly tickets were al-

Continuing . . .

A Lift Into Colmar

from page 65

ready passing over the wine counters and the band had again begun to play. Someone was even putting back the disordered flowers and mopping up the water from the floor.

"I am hurting you," said Hilary tenderly, and flushed to her delicate cheekbones. "I've almost finished now. I'm sorry I'm not frightfully good at this."

"You could hurt me much more," said Jean-Marie, enchanted, "and I should still love you. I am alive, am I not?"

She paled at the thought that he so easily might not have been, and her hands trembled so much that she nearly dropped the roll of bandage, and he had to shut his own good hand over hers to save it.

"Well, perhaps you are better with bottles than bandages, but no one can be perfect at everything," he said mischievously, delighted with the embarrassed butterfly touch caressing his arm and the rapid fluctuations of her color. He had never met anyone like her.

Hilary, for her part, was going about her self-chosen task in a daze of admiration and wonder at his uniqueness, for it seemed to her that there could never have been any young man so quick in decision, so admirable in movement, so crazily brave.

"He's beginning to come round," said the sergeant, who was on one knee beside Reutte's body.

"Out nearly fifteen minutes!" said Jean-Marie admiringly. "We are very proud of you." Even when his gaze returned to his prostrate enemy and his mind to that night in the forest ten years ago, the darkness that clouded his eyes could not quite obscure the brightness of his pleasure in Hilary.

"What will happen to him?" asked Jonathan in a low voice, watching the lolling head begin to stir uneasily, the mouth to move in painful grimaces.

"He will be put on trial as a war criminal. In the meantime we have enough minor charges on which to hold him. It will not be the first time a murderer has been tried after a lapse of ten years."

They had all drawn closer, staring down at the unconscious man as he returned slowly to life. He opened his eyes just wide enough to show a gleam of pallid blue between the lids, and screwed them up again in protest against the light, putting up a wavering hand to shield himself. In a moment he opened them again in the shadow of his fingers, and stared round him at the array of watchful faces.

He moved his head and groaned, and memory and comprehension came gradually into the light eyes. He drew himself slowly upward into a sitting position, looking round desperately for a way out, but there was no loophole left anywhere. His face seemed suddenly to have lost its form, to have wilted and run like wax under heat.

"I didn't kill anyone," Eisinger said in a rapid, eager, insinuating voice. "The policeman—it was a mistake. I never meant to hit him. I wouldn't have touched you, Marianne, you know I wouldn't. I wanted to marry you. I only wanted you to give me a chance. I wouldn't really have hurt you."

"I never touched the other girl, did I? All I wanted was a chance to go on living here in peace. I turned Frenchman, didn't I? I never wanted to be a Nazi. I was glad to have a chance to get out of it. Just a chance to begin a new life. I haven't done anything except try to keep that!"

They had stepped back a little from him in fascinated repulsion, staring with wide eyes. Only the Inspector and his men held their ground, smiling grim smiles of professional disillusionment. They had heard all this many times before.

"Perhaps you should not have taken Georges Martel so far into your confidence," said the Inspector maliciously, dropping the gun gently into his pocket.

"That frontier rat, has he been blackening me? You know what he is. He will lie to get himself out of trouble. You know better than to believe anything he has told you." He had leaned forward, raising himself to his knees, and actually put out a hand to seize the Inspector by the trouser-leg in his whimpering eagerness.

A rich man is nothing but a poor man with money.

—W. C. Fields

"He has plenty to cover up. You know only a very little about Georges Martel. But I can tell you. I know how many people he sold to us that last winter and spring. If he can grow talkative, so can I!"

The Inspector said, "Get on your feet! You are making a little journey with us."

The right hand which looked so incomplete now without its gun moved imploringly towards Marianne. "Can't you understand? It wasn't only the new life I had to fight for—it was you! Marianne, we have been good friends. You should have let me talk to you. There was no need for all this! You should have given me a chance to explain to you! I loved you!"

"Haven't I lived quietly and decently all these years? Does that count for nothing? It was you who drove me back. Marianne, for pity's sake—!"

With the smallest, most fastidious of gestures she drew back the hem of her skirt from his touch. She was otherwise quite still, her face a mask of silent and controlled disgust.

The Inspector said, "Bring him away! All the wine will be turning sour!"

When the door had closed finally upon him, but not before, she began to shudder uncontrollably. Jonathan put his arms round her and held her gently, and she relaxed

with a great sigh and laid her cheek upon his willing shoulder. And after a moment, forgetting that they were not alone, he bent his head and kissed her.

It did not matter. Hilary's cure was complete. She had neither eyes nor ears for anyone but Jean-Marie.

They had caught, when the door was opened, the full brazen ebullience of the band, and the boy had already turned, with the singleness which was so essential a part of him, and which she was so well equipped to understand, from what was over to what was only beginning.

"Look, it is early yet, and the dance will go on all night. What do you say if we go home, so that I can change my clothes, and then we shall have dinner here in the restaurant and then we shall dance. Who has better reason than we?"

Her eyes had begun to gleam, and her tiredness was already gone, but she made a faint, maternal protest. "But you should rest—your arm!"

"I do not dance on my hands," said Jean-Marie wistfully. "At least, not until after the third bottle. Come, we shall go quickly to the Ruelle des Limacons, so that I can make my dress proper, and afterwards at dinner I will buy you a whole bottle of Traminer, so that you can see how potent is the inside of the bottle, as well as the outside."

He took her by the hand and towed her to the door, and she went with him like a child in a dream, forgetting her discarded English clothes, forgetting, in the abundance of Jean-Marie's life, how near death had been to them, forgetting Jonathan.

Marianne said in a low voice, "You see, do you not, why I

ran away? I must telephone to my parents. They will have to break this news to the old man. And he will feel defiled, as I did, to think he had allied his life voluntarily to such a creature."

"But you delivered yourself, and, I think, the old man, too, And Alsace."

"And all this," she said, her voice relaxing into tired wonder, "in one day. I feel as if I had known you and relied on you for a lifetime. This was to have been an important day for me, a turning point in my life. I was to become engaged to be married!"

Jonathan glanced at his wrist-watch over her quiet head, which fitted so snugly into his shoulder. It was a little after ten o'clock.

He stooped his lips to her ear to whisper, "If you feel like carrying out the programme, Marianne, there's still time."

But after all he did not say it. She was tired, and hungry, and trembling still in reaction, and since he had no longer any intention of leaving Colmar the following day, or, indeed, for many days to come, there was no hurry.

He had to get to know her family, behave with becoming orthodoxy, overcome the slight handicap of being merely the young man who had given her a lift into Colmar. He had no doubts of being able to manage it all, if she helped him, and he was pretty sure she would.

At any rate, when, finding her cheek so near, he stooped his lips to it instead of whispering in her ear, she raised her face suddenly, and received the kiss warmly and willingly upon her mouth.

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OUR new serial, which begins next week, is "April Lady," a delightful Regency romance by Georgette Heyer. Written with all the grace and elegance for which the author is so well known, readers will find the youthful Lady Cardross, consoling herself with the frivolities of London's fashionable world, an enchanting heroine.

Daughter of an impoverished peer, before her marriage Nell was warned that a man of Cardross' worldly distinction would regard his marriage as one of convenience and not of love. Playing the part she feels is demanded of her, Nell soon gets into debt and, doubting her husband's affection, is afraid to admit her full obligations.

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Another charming romance is supplied by Cardross' high-spirited sister Letty and her strange choice as suitor of the very proper Mr. Allandale.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 27, 1957



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — May 26, 1954

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without heating element (white only)

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F4477.—Smartly styled two-piece maternity suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 54in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 68-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4478.—Pretty, practical one-piece maternity dress designed with waist expansion. Sizes 32 to 38 in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F3783.—Lace-trimmed maternity nightgown with a drawstring waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material, 2yds. 1in. lace edging, 2yds. 1in. satin ribbon. Price 4/6.

F3490.—Maternity slip and -pantie set; both garments with waist expansion. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, 9yds. 1in. lace edging, and 1yd. 3in. ribbon. Price 3/6.

F4060.—Smart straight-cut maternity coat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material or 3yds. 54 in. material. Price 4/9.

F4477

F4478

F4479

F3783

F4060

F3490

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F4479.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make maternity smock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. material. Price 2/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 441.—WINTER DRESSING-GOWN
Winter dressing-gown, suitable for a small girl or boy, is obtainable cut out ready to make in fluffy-back cotton tarian. The clan choice includes McDuff, Victoria, Moyal Stewart, Dress Stewart, and Prince Charles.
Sizes: Lengths, 29in. for 2 years 25/6; 32in. for 3 to 4 years 26/9; 37in. for 5 to 6 years 30/6; 41in. for 7 to 8 years 36/6. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

No. 442.—LUNCHEON SET
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The color and material choice includes cream and white Irish linen, and sheet linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green.
Sizes: Centre mat 15 by 17in., plate mat 9 by 12in., cup-and-saucer mat 5 by 3in., and serviettes 11 by 11in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 18/11. Postage and registration 2/6 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, 23/8. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Serviettes to match 1/9 each. Postage 6d. extra.

No. 443.—LUNCHEON CLOTH
The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty flower design. The material is Irish linen, obtainable in cream only.
Sizes: 40 by 40in. 22/6, postage and registration 2/3 extra; 45 by 45in. 25/9, postage and registration 2/9 extra; 54 by 54in. 42/-, postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 444.—SLENDER-LINE SKIRT
The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in a good-quality woollen. The color choice includes mocha-brown, burgundy, mid-brown, brown with white fleck, grey with primrose stripes, grey with green stripes.
Sizes: 24in., 28, 32, and 36in. waist. Price 44/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

No. 445.—TAILORED BLOUSE
The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make in Cesa. The color choice includes cream, pink, maize, and blue.
Sizes: 32 and 34in. bust 42/6; 36 and 38in. bust 44/9. Postage and registration 2/- extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

442

443

445

444

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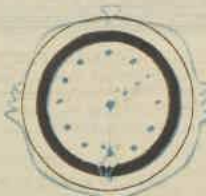
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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, are in Africa searching for Mandrake's missing sister, Lenore. Lenore disappeared when she went to learn the mystery of the sinister Witchmen's Peak. Following her trail, they bypass the traps set for them

by the witchmen. At the entrance to the cave which leads to the village on top of the peak, two natives wait with a machine-gun, but Mandrake overcomes them with a tear-gas bomb and captures their gun. Meanwhile, a captive in the village, Lenore hears the gunfire and believes the worst. **NOW READ ON:**



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Stick!**



**TO STICK BETTER
PROTECT BETTER!**

JOHNSON & JOHNSON



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Proper need can produce superiority (13).
8. Tea times (Anagr. 8).
9. You may put them on or sing them (4).
10. Wild animal but not whale, though it starts with a herd of them (4).
11. Had enough of State aid (8).
12. Clear proof giving tea and fixed allowance to devils (13).
16. Young plant with a fishy end (8).
19. 27th president of the U.S.A. (4).
20. Idle among the Shetland Islands and beautiful too (4).
21. They are used for edging (8).
22. Foot coverings acquired by inheritance (4, 4, 5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

2. Reddish (7).
3. It can be a minister, a number or a mover (5).
4. Approaches with ears (5).
5. Voter who used to be one of the German princes (7).
6. Hard, well-known man with an insect (7).
7. Swear mostly with worthless dogs (5).
13. Regulated nothing by mixing red with red (7).
14. Wood on the roof, gravel on the shore (7).
15. Insult of a receiver (7).
17. Stimulate and consumed at the end (5).
18. Deep ravines found in fish (5).
19. With some it is pleasing to the taste (5).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

QUICK...The Solyptol!



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the eyes



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... and *Bushells* quality
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—and quality means flavor.



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